JUNE 1962

Commentary

SCIENCE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

The Leavis-Snow Controversy

LIONEL TRILLING

THE INEFFECTUALITY OF SOME INTELLIGENT PEOPLE: Paul Goodman

GENTILE ZIONISM & THE BALFOUR DECLARATION: R.H.S. Crossman

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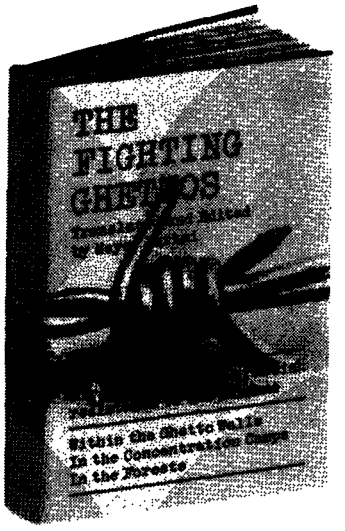

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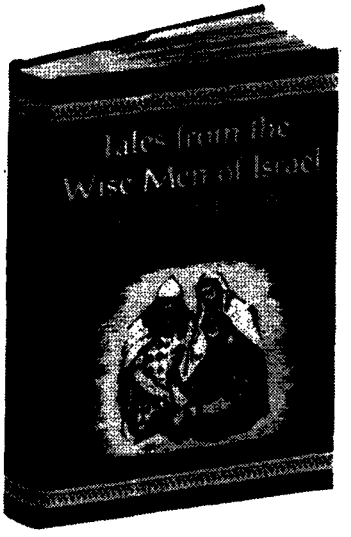

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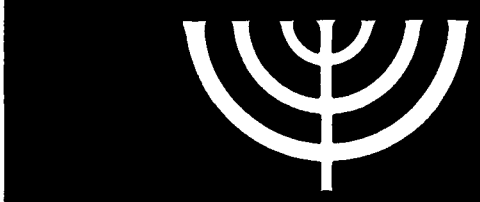

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SCIENCE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

A Comment on the Leavis-Snow Controversy

LIONEL TRILLING

F. R. Leavis, who is widely regarded as England's most important literary critic, recently launched a violent attack on C. P. Snow, and in particular on Snow's famous description of the split between the "two cultures" of science and literature. The Leavis attack provoked a more heated intellectual controversy than any England has witnessed for some time, but the issues involved extend far beyond specifically English concerns. Consequently, we invited Lionel Trilling, whom many consider to be America's leading critic, to comment on this controversy and to discuss the various questions that arise from it. A professor of English at Columbia, Mr. Trilling is the author, among other books, of The Liberal Imagination, The Opposing Self, *and* A Gathering of Fugitives.

It is now nearly eighty years since Matthew Arnold came to this country on his famous lecture tour. Of his repertory of three lectures, none was calculated to give unqualified pleasure to his audience. The lecture on Emerson praised that most eminent of American writers only after it had denied that he was a literary figure of the first order. The lecture called "Numbers" raised disturbing questions about the relation of democracy to excellence and distinction. "Literature and Science" was the least likely to give offense, yet even this most memorable of the three *Discourses in America* was not without its touch of uncomfortableness. In 1883 America was by no means committed—and, indeed, never was to be committed—to the belief that the right education for the modern age must be predominantly scientific and technical, and Arnold, when he cited the proponents of this idea, which of course he opposed, mentioned only those who were English. Yet his audiences surely knew that Arnold was warning them against what would seem to be the natural tendency of an industrial democracy to devalue the old "aristocratic" education in favor of studies that are merely practical.

Arnold wrote "Emerson" and "Numbers" especially for his American tour, but he had first composed "Literature and Science" as the Rede Lecture at Cambridge in 1882. Its original occasion cannot fail to have a peculiar interest at this moment, for C. P. Snow's *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution,* around which so curious a storm rages in England, was the Rede Lecture of 1959.

Sir Charles did not mention his great predecessor in the lectureship, although his own discourse was exactly on Arnold's subject and took a line exactly the opposite of Arnold's. And F. R. Leavis, whose admiration of Arnold is well known and whose position in respect to the relative importance of literature and of science in

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education is much the same as Arnold's, did not mention Arnold either, when, in his recent Richmond Lecture at Downing College, he launched an attack of unexampled ferocity upon the doctrine and the author of *The Two Cultures.*

In its essential terms, the issue in debate has not changed since Arnold spoke. Arnold's chief antagonist was T. H. Huxley—it was he who, in his lecture on "Culture and Education," had said that literature should, and inevitably would, step down from its preeminent place in education, that science and not "culture" must supply the knowledge which is necessary for an age committed to rational truth and material practicality. What is more, Huxley said, science will supply the very basis of the assumptions of modern ethics. In effect Snow says nothing different.

The word "culture" had been Arnold's personal insigne ever since the publication of *Culture and Anarchy* in 1867 and Huxley made particular reference to the views on the value of humanistic study which Arnold had expressed in that book.* Arnold's reply in "Literature and Science" could not have been simpler, just as it could not have been more temperate, although it surely did not surpass in temperateness Huxley's statement of his disagreement with Arnold's ideas; the two men held each other in high admiration and were warm friends. Arnold said that he had not the least disposition to propose that science be slighted in education. Quite apart from its practical value, scientific knowledge is naturally a delight to the mind, no doubt engaging certain mental temperaments more than others but holding out the promise of intellectual pleasure to all. Yet of itself science does not, as Arnold put it, "serve" the instinct for conduct and the instinct for beauty, or at least it does not serve these instincts as they exist in most men. This service, which includes the relating of scientific knowledge to the whole life of man, is rendered by culture, which is not to be thought of as confined to literature—to *belles lettres*—but as comprising all the humane intellectual disciplines. When Dr. Leavis asserts the primacy of the humanities in education, he refers more exclusively to literature than Arnold did, but in general effect his position is the same.

It may seem strange, and a little tiresome, that the debate of eighty years ago should be instituted again today. Yet it is perhaps understandable in view of the "scientific revolution" about which Sir Charles tells us. This revolution would seem to be one of the instances in which a change of quantity becomes a change in kind—science can now do so much more and do it so much more quickly than it could a generation ago, let alone in the last century, that it has been transmuted from what the world has hitherto known. One of the consequences of this change—to Sir Charles it is the most salient of all possible consequences—is the new social hope that is now held out to us, of life made better in material respects, not merely in certain highly developed countries but all over the world and among peoples that at the moment are, by Western standards, scarcely developed at all.

The new power of science perhaps justifies a contemporary revival of the Victorian question. But if we consent to involve ourselves in the new dialectic of the old controversy, we must be aware that we are not addressing ourselves to a question of educational theory, or to an abstract contention as to what kind of knowledge has the truest affinity with the human soul. We approach these matters only to pass through them. What we address ourselves to is politics, and politics of a quite ultimate kind, and to the disposition of the modern mind.

* Arnold, of course, did not use the word in the modern sense in which it is used by anthropologists, sociologists, and historians of thought and art; this is, more or less, the sense in which it is used by Snow. For Arnold, "culture" was "the best that has been thought and said in the world" and also an individual person's relation to this body of thought and expression. My own use of the word in this essay is not Arnold's.

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II

THE TWO CULTURES has had a very considerable currency in England and America ever since its publication in 1959, and in England it was for a time the subject of lively discussion. Indeed, the general agreement in England that it was a statement of great importance, to the point of its being used as an assigned text in secondary schools, was what aroused Dr. Leavis to make his assault on the lecture this long after the first interest in it had subsided. The early discussions of *The Two Cultures* were of a substantive kind, but the concerns which now agitate the English in response to Dr. Leavis's attack have scarcely anything to do with literature and science, or with education, or with social hope. These matters have now been made a mere subordinate element in what amounts to a scandal over a breach of manners. The published comments on Dr. Leavis's attack on *The Two Cultures* were, with few exceptions, directed to such considerations as the exact degree of monstrousness which Dr. Leavis achieved in speaking of Sir Charles as he did; whether or not he spoke out of envy of Sir Charles's reputation; whether or not he has, or deserves to have, any real standing as a critic; or writes acceptable English; or represents, as he claims he does, "the essential Cambridge."

Dr. Leavis's Richmond Lecture, "The Significance of C. P. Snow," was delivered in the Hall of Downing College, Cambridge, on February 28 and published in the *Spectator* of March 9.* In the next week's issue of the *Spectator,* seventeen letters appeared, all defending Snow and most of them expressing anger at, or contempt for, Leavis. The following week brought fifteen more communications, of which eight expressed partisanship with Leavis; several of these deplored the tone of the previous week's correspondence. Many of the correspondents who defended Snow were of distinguished reputation; of the defenders of Leavis, the only one known to me was Mr. Geoffrey Wagner, who wrote from America to communicate his belief that the attack on Snow was much needed, for, despite a parody in *New Left Review* in which Snow appears as C. P. Sleet, despite, too, his own adverse criticism of Snow in the *Critic,* "the hosannas obediently continued on this side of the Atlantic, both from the Barzun-Trilling syndrome and the Book-of-the-Month Club, the worst of both worlds, as it were." Three of the writers of the Snow party touched upon the question of literature and science, the scientist J. D. Bernal, the historian of science Stephen Toulmin, and the literary critic G. S. Fraser. In a miasma of personality-mongering, their letters afforded a degree of relief, but they said little that was of consequence. Of the Leavis party two dons of the University of Birmingham in a joint letter touched rapidly but with some cogency on the relation between literature and science, deploring any attempt to prefer one above the other, concluding that if one must be preferred, it should be, for reasons not stated, literature.

FROM THE *Spectator* letters, so many of them expressing small and rather untidy passions, there are no doubt conclusions to be drawn, of a sufficiently depressing sort, about the condition of cultural life at the moment. But no awareness that we may have of the generally bad state of intellectual affairs ought to blind us to the particular fault of Dr. Leavis in his treatment of Sir Charles Snow. Intelligent and serious himself, Dr. Leavis has in this instance been the cause of stupidity and triviality in other men.

There can be no two opinions about the tone in which Dr. Leavis deals with Sir Charles. It is a bad tone, an impermissible

* In an editorial note, Dr. Leavis is quoted as saying, "The lecture was private and representatives of the press who inquired were informed that there was no admission and that no reporting was to be permitted. The appearance in newspapers of garbled reports has made it desirable that the lecture should appear in full."

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tone. It is bad in a personal sense because it is cruel—it manifestly intends to wound. It is bad intellectually because by its use Dr. Leavis has diverted attention, his own included, from the matter he sought to illuminate. The doctrine of *The Two Cultures* is a momentous one and Dr. Leavis obscures its massive significance by bringing into consideration such matters as Sir Charles's abilities as a novelist, his club membership, his opinion of his own talents, his worldly success, and his relation to worldly power. Anger, scorn, and an excessive consciousness of persons have always been elements of Dr. Leavis's thought—of the very process of his thought, not merely of his manner of expressing it. They were never exactly reassuring elements, but they could be set aside and made to seem of relatively small account in comparison with the remarkable cogency in criticism which Dr. Leavis so often achieved. But as they now appear in his valedictory address—for, in effect, that is what the Richmond Lecture was, since Dr. Leavis retires this year from his university post—they cannot be easily set aside, they stand in the way of what Dr. Leavis means to say.

And, indeed, our understanding of what he means to say is to be derived less from the passionate utterance of the lecture itself than from our knowledge of the whole direction of his career in criticism. That direction was from the first determined by Dr. Leavis's belief that the human faculty above all others to which literature addresses itself is the moral consciousness, which is also the source of all successful creation, the very root of poetic genius. The extent of his commitment to this idea results in what I believe to be a fault in his critical thought—he does not give anything like adequate recognition to those aspects of art which are gratuitous, which arise from high spirits and the impulse to play. One would suppose that the moral consciousness should, for its own purposes, take account of those aspects of art and life that do not fall within its dominion. But if the intensity of Dr. Leavis's commitment to the moral consciousness contrives to produce this deficiency of understanding, it is no less responsible for the accuracy and force which we recognize as the positive characteristics of his work. For Dr. Leavis, literature is what Matthew Arnold said it is, *the criticism of life*—he can understand it in no other way. Both in all its simplicity and in all its hidden complexity, he has made Arnold's saying his own, and from it he has drawn his strength.

If, then, Dr. Leavis now speaks with a very special intensity in response to *The Two Cultures,* we must do him the justice of seeing that the Rede Lecture denies, and in an extreme way, all that he has ever believed about literature—it is, in fact, nothing less than an indictment of literature on social and moral grounds. It represents literature as constituting a danger to the national well-being, and most especially when it is overtly a criticism of life.

Not only because Charles Snow is himself a practitioner of literature but also because he is the man he is, the statement that his lecture has this purport will be shocking and perhaps it will be thought scarcely credible. And I have no doubt that, in another mood and on some other occasion, Sir Charles would be happy to assert the beneficent powers of literature. But there can be no other interpretation of his lecture than that it takes toward literature a position of extreme antagonism.

THE TWO CULTURES begins as an objective statement of the lack of communication between scientists and literary men. This is a circumstance that must have been often observed and often deplored. Perhaps nothing in our culture is so characteristic as the separateness of the various artistic and intellectual professions. As between, say, poets and painters, or musicians and architects, there is very little discourse, and perhaps the same thing could be remarked of scientists of different interests, say biologists and physicists. But

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the isolation of literary men from scientists may well seem to be the most extreme of these separations, if only because it is the most significant, for a reason which Sir Charles entirely understands: the especially close though never clearly defined relation of these two professions with our social and political life.

The even-handedness with which Sir Charles at first describes the split between the two "cultures" does not continue for long. He begins by telling us that scientists and literary men are equally to blame for the separation—they are kept apart by "a gulf of mutual incomprehension," by distorted images of each other which give rise to dislike and hostility. But as Sir Charles's lecture proceeds, it becomes plain that, although the scientists do have certain crudities and limitations, they are in general in the right of things and the literary men in the wrong of them. The matter which causes the scales to shift thus suddenly is the human condition. This, Sir Charles tells us, is of its nature tragic: man dies, and he dies alone. But the awareness of the ineluctably tragic nature of human life makes a moral trap, "for it tempts one to sit back, complacent in one's unique tragedy," paying no heed to the circumstances of everyday life, which, for the larger number of human beings, are painful. It is the literary men, we are told, who are the most likely, the scientists who are the least likely, to fall into this moral trap; the scientists "are inclined to be impatient to see if something can be done: and inclined to think that it can be done, until it's proved otherwise." It is their spirit, "tough and good and determined to fight it out at the side of their brother men," which has "made scientists regard the other [i.e. the literary] culture's social attitudes as contemptible."

"This is too facile," Sir Charles says in mild rebuke of the scientists, by which he of course means that essentially they are right. There follows a brief consideration of a question raised not by Sir Charles in his own person but by "a scientist of distinction" whom he quotes: "Yeats, Pound, Wyndham Lewis, nine out of ten of those who have dominated literary sensibility in our time, weren't they not only politically silly, but politically wicked? Didn't the influence of all they represent bring Auschwitz that much nearer?" And Sir Charles in answer grants that Yeats was a magnanimous man and a great poet, but he will not, he says, defend the indefensible —"the facts . . . are broadly true." Sir Charles in general agrees, that is, that the literary sensibility of our time brought Auschwitz nearer. He goes on to say that things have changed considerably in the literary life in recent years, even if slowly, for "literature changes more slowly than science."

FROM THE MENTION of Auschwitz onward, the way is open to the full assertion by Sir Charles of the virtues of the scientists. Although they are admitted to be sometimes gauche or stupidly self-assertive, although Sir Charles concedes of some of them that "the whole literature of the traditional culture doesn't seem relevant to [their] interests" and that, as a result, their "imaginative understanding" is diminished, he yet finds them to be men of a natural decency; they are free from racial feelings, they are lovers of equality, they are cooperative. And chief among their virtues, as Sir Charles describes them, is the fact that they "have the future in their bones."

Indeed, it turns out that it is the future, and not mere ignorance of each other's professional concerns, that makes the separation between the culture of science and the culture of literature. Scientists have the future in their bones. Literary men do not. Quite the contrary—"If the scientists have the future in their bones, then the traditional culture responds by wishing that the future did not exist." The future that the scientists have in their bones is understood to be nothing but a good future; it is very much like the History of the Marxists, which is always the triumph of the

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right, never possibly the record of defeat. In fact, to entertain the idea that the future might be bad is represented as being tantamount to moral ill-will—in a note appended to the sentence I have just quoted, Sir Charles speaks of George Orwell's *1984* as "the strongest possible wish that the future shall not exist."

It is difficult to credit the implications of this astonishing remark and to ascribe them to Sir Charles. As everyone recalls, Orwell's novel is an imagination of the condition of the world if the authoritarian tendencies which are to be observed in the present develop themselves—logically, as it were—in the future, the point being that it is quite within the range of possibility that this ultimate development should take place. In Orwell's representation of an absolute tyranny, science has a part, and a polemical partisan of science might understand this as the evidence of a literary man's malice toward science. But it is much more likely that, when Orwell imagined science as one of the instruments of repression, he meant to say that science, like everything else that is potentially good, like literature itself, can be perverted and debased to the ends of tyranny. Orwell was a man who, on the basis of actual and painful experience, tried to tell the truth about politics, even his own politics. I believe that he never gave up his commitment to socialism, but he refused to be illusioned in any way he could prevent; it lay within the reach of his mind to conceive that even an idealistic politics, perhaps especially an idealistic politics, can pervert itself. To say of such a man that he wishes that the future—the presumably good future—shall not exist is like saying that intelligence wishes that the future shall not exist.

Having characterized the culture of literature, or, as he sometimes calls it, "the traditional culture," by its hostility to the future, Sir Charles goes on to say that "it is the traditional culture, to an extent remarkably little diminished by the emergence of the scientific one, which manages the western world." This being so, it follows that the traditional culture must be strictly dealt with if the future is to be brought into being: what is called "the existing pattern" must be not merely changed but "broken." Only if this is done shall we be able to educate ourselves as we should. As for the need to educate ourselves: "To say, we have to educate ourselves or perish is perhaps a little more melodramatic than the facts warrant. To say, we have to educate ourselves or watch a steep decline in our lifetime is about right." And Sir Charles indicates our possible fate by the instance—he calls it an "historical myth"—of the Venetian Republic in its last half century. "Its citizens had become rich, as we did, by accident. They had acquired immense political skill, just as we have. A good many of them were tough-minded, realistic, patriotic men. They knew, just as clearly as we know, that the current of history had begun to flow against them. Many of them gave their minds to working out ways to keep going. It would have meant breaking the pattern into which they had been crystallized. They were fond of the pattern, just as we are fond of ours. They never found the will to break it."

I QUOTED WITHOUT comment Sir Charles's statement of the idea on which, we may say, the whole argument of *The Two Cultures* is based: "It is the traditional culture, to an extent remarkably little diminished by the emergence of the scientific one, which manages the western world." It is a bewildering statement. In what way can we possibly understand it? That the Western world is managed by some agency which is traditional is of course comprehensible. And we can take in the idea that this agency may be described, for particular purposes of explanation, in terms of a certain set of mind, a general tendency of thought and feeling which, being pervasive, is hard to formulate, and that this is to be called "a culture." But for Sir Charles, the words "traditional"

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and "literary" are interchangeable, and that this culture, as we agree to call it, is *literary,* that it bears the same relation to actual literary men and their books that what is called the "scientific culture" bears to scientists and their work in laboratories, is truly a staggering thought. The actions of parliaments and congresses and cabinets in directing the massive affairs of state, the negotiations of embassies, the movement of armies and fleets, the establishment of huge scientific projects for the contrivance of armaments and of factories for the production of them, the promises made to citizens, and the choices made by voters at the polls—these, we are asked to believe, are in the charge of the culture of literature. What can this mean?

IT CAN OF COURSE be said that literature has some part in the management of the Western world, a part which is limited but perhaps not wholly unimportant. If, for example, we compare the present condition of industrial England with the condition of industrial England in the early 19th century, we can say that the present condition is not, in human respects, anything like what men of good will might wish it to be, but that it is very much better than it was in the early years of the Industrial Revolution. And if we then ask what agencies brought about the improvement, we can say that one of them was literature. Certain literary men raised the "Condition of England Question" in a passionate and effective way and their names are still memorable to us—Coleridge, Carlyle, Mill (I take him to be a man of letters; he was certainly a good literary critic), Dickens, Ruskin, Arnold, William Morris. They made their effect only upon individuals, but the individuals they touched were numerous, and by what they said they made it ever harder for people to be indifferent to the misery around them or to the degradation of the national life in which they came to think themselves implicated. These literary men helped materially, some would say decisively, to bring about a change in the state of affairs. This is not exactly management, but it is a directing influence such as literature in the modern time often undertakes to have and sometimes does have.

Yet in Sir Charles's opinion this directing influence of the literary men of the 19th century deserves no praise. On the contrary, his description of their work is but another count in the indictment of the culture of literature. Speaking of the response which literary men made to the Industrial Revolution, he says, "Almost everywhere . . . intellectual persons did not comprehend what was happening. Certainly the writers didn't. Plenty of them shuddered away, as though the right course for a man of feeling was to contract out; some, like Ruskin and William Morris and Thoreau and Emerson and Lawrence, tried various kinds of fancies, which were not much in effect more than screams of horror. It is hard to think of a writer of high class who really stretched his imaginative sympathy, who could see at once the hideous back-streets, the smoking chimneys, the internal price—and also the prospects of life that were opening out for the poor. . . ."

Nothing could be further from the truth. No great English writer of the 19th century, once he had become aware of the Industrial Revolution, ever contracted out. This is not the place to rehearse the miseries that were acquiesced in by those who comforted the world and their own consciences with the thought of "the prospects of life that were opening out for the poor." It is enough to say that there were miseries in plenty, of a brutal and horrifying kind, by no means adequately suggested by phrases like "the hideous back-streets, the smoking chimneys, the internal price." (Auschwitz, since it has been mentioned, may be thought of as the development of the conditions of the factories and mines of the earlier Industrial Revolution.) If the writers "shuddered away," it was not in maidenly dis-

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gust with machines and soot; if they uttered "screams of horror," it was out of moral outrage at what man had made of man—and of women and little children. Their emotions were no different from those expressed by Karl Marx in his chapter on the Working Day, nor from those expressed in Blue Books by the factory inspectors, those remarkable men of the middle class whom Marx, in a moving passage of *Capital,* praises and wonders at for their transcendence of their class feelings.

I have mentioned Matthew Arnold among those writers who made the old conditions of the Industrial Revolution ever less possible. Like many of his colleagues in this undertaking, he did entertain "fancies"—they all found modern life ugly and fatiguing and in some way false, and they set store by certain qualities which are no doubt traditional to the point of being archaic.* But Arnold's peculiar distinction as a literary critic is founded on the strong sensitivity of his response to the modern situation. He uniquely understood what Hegel had told the world, that the French Revolution marked an absolute change in the condition of man. For the first time in history, Hegel said, Reason—or Idea, or Theory, or Creative Imagination—had become decisive in human destiny. Arnold's argument in "Literature and Science" was the affirmation of the French Revolution; he was speaking on behalf of the illumination and refinement of that Reason by which man might shape the conditions of his own existence. This is the whole purport of his famous statement, "Literature is the criticism of life."

That saying used to have a rough time of it, perhaps because people found the word criticism narrow and dour and wished to believe that life was worthier of being celebrated than criticized. But less and less, I think, will anyone find the ground on which to quarrel with it. Whatever else we also take literature to be, it must always, for us now, be the criticism of life.

BUT IT WOULD seem to be precisely the critical function of literature that troubles Sir Charles. And perhaps that is why, despite all that he says about the need to educate ourselves, he does not make a single substantive proposal about education.

If we undertake to say what the purpose of modern education is, our answer will surely be suggested by Arnold's phrase, together with the one by which he defined the particular function of criticism: "to see the object as in itself it really is." Whenever we undertake to pass judgment on an educational enterprise, the import of these two phrases serves as our criterion: we ask that education supply the means for a criticism of life and teach the student to try to see the object as in itself it really is. Yet when Sir Charles speaks of the need to break the "existing pattern" and to go on to a right education, he does not touch upon any such standard of judgment. Although he would seem to be the likeliest person in the world to speak intelligently about the instruction in science of students who do not intend to be scientists, actually he says nothing more on the subject than that ignorance of the Second Law of Thermodynamics is equivalent to ignorance of Shakespeare, or that the Yang-Lee experiment at Columbia should have been a topic of general conversation at college High Tables.

Nor does he propose anything for the education of the scientist, except, of course, science. He does say that scientists need to be "trained not only in scientific but in human terms," but he does not say how. Scientists—but eventually one

* Emerson doesn't deserve Sir Charles's scorn on this point. His advice to the American scholar was that he should respond positively to the actual and the modern, and he was inclined to take an almost too unreserved pleasure in new forms of human energy and ingenuity. As for Thoreau, his quarrel was not with factories but with farms —and families.

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begins to wonder if they are really scientists and not advanced technologists and engineers—are to play a decisive part in the affairs of mankind, but nowhere does Sir Charles suggest that, if this is so, they will face difficulties and perplexities and that their education should include the study of books—they need not be "literary," they need not be "traditional": they might be contemporary works of history, sociology, anthropology, psychology, philosophy—which would raise the difficult questions and propose the tragic complexity of the human condition, which would suggest that it is not always easy to see the object as in itself it really is.

Well, it isn't beyond belief that a professional corps of high intellectual quality, especially if it is charged with great responsibility, should learn to ask its own questions and go on to make its own ethos, perhaps a very good one. But Sir Charles would seem to be asking for more than the right of scientists to go their own way. What he seems to require for scientists is the right to go their own way *with no questions asked*. The culture of literature, having done its worst, must now be supplanted and is not ever to play the part of a loyal opposition. How else are we to understand Sir Charles's contempt for the irresponsibility of the literary mind, his curious representation of the literary culture as having the management of the Western world, that is to say, as being answerable for all the anomalies, stupidities, and crimes of the Western world, for having made the "existing pattern" which must now be broken if the West is to survive or at least not suffer steep decline? It is manifest that the literary culture has lost the right to ask questions.

No one could possibly suppose of Charles Snow that he is a man who wants to curtail the rights of free criticism. The line which he takes in *The Two Cultures* is so far from the actuality of his temperament in this respect that we can only suppose that he doesn't mean it, not in all the extravagance of its literalness. Or we suppose that he means it at the behest of some large preoccupation of whose goodness he is so entirely convinced that he will seek to affirm it even in ways that would take him aback if the preoccupation were not in control of his thought. And this, I think, is the case. I believe that the position of *The Two Cultures* is to be explained by Sir Charles's preoccupation—it has become almost the best-known thing about him—with a good and necessary aim, with the assuring of peace, which is to say, with the compounding of the differences between the West and the Soviet Union. It is an aim which, in itself, can of course only do Sir Charles credit, yet it would seem to have implicit in it a strange desperate method of implementing itself.

For the real message of *The Two Cultures* is that an understanding between the West and the Soviet Union could be achieved by the culture of scientists, which reaches over factitious national and ideological differences. The field of agreement would be the scientists' common perception of the need for coming together to put the possibilities of the scientific revolution at the disposal of the disadvantaged of all nations. The bond between scientists, Sir Charles has told us, is virtually biological: they all have the future in their bones. Science brings men together in despite of all barriers—speaking of the way in which the very wide differences in the class origins of English scientists were overcome to make the scientific culture of England (and seeming to imply that this is a unique grace of scientists, that English men of letters never had differences of class to overcome), Sir Charles says, "Without thinking about it, they respond alike. That is what a culture means." And in the same way, "without thinking about it," the scientists of the West and the scientists of the Soviet Union may be expected to "respond alike." And, since "that is what a culture means," they will have joined together in an entity which will do what govern-

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ments have not done, the work of relieving the misery of the world. But in the degree to which science naturally unites men, literature separates them, and the scientists of the world cannot form this beneficent entity until we of the West break the existing pattern of our traditional culture, the literary culture, which is self-regarding in its complacent acceptance of tragedy, which is not only indifferent to human suffering but willing to inflict it, which asks rude and impertinent questions about the present and even about the future.

IT IS A POINT of view that must, I suppose, in desperate days, have a show of reason. In desperate days, it always seems wise to throw something or someone overboard, preferably Jonah or Arion, the prophet or the poet. Mr. G. S. Fraser, for example, seems to understand what Sir Charles wants, and he is rather willing to go along with him, rather open to the idea that the achievement of peace may require some adverse judgment on literature. "It does not matter," he says, "whether we save the real Cambridge within the actual Cambridge . . . ; what we want to save is our actual human world with all the spots on it. This will not be done by teaching English at universities; men like Snow, at home both in Russia and America, and in a simple blunt way trying to teach these two blunt simple giants to understand each other may in in the end prove greater benefactors than Dr. Leavis."

No, the world will not be saved by teaching English at universities, nor, indeed, by any other literary activity. It is very hard to say what will save the world, and pretty surely it is no one single thing. But we can be perfectly certain that the world will not be saved by denying the actualities of the world. Among these actualities politics is one. And it can be said of *The Two Cultures* that it communicates the strongest possible wish that we should forget about politics. It mentions national politics once, speaking of it as the clog upon the activity of scientists, as the impeding circumstance in which they must work. But the point is not developed and the lecture has the effect of suggesting that the issue is not between the abilities and good intentions of scientists and the inertia or bad will of governments; the issue is represented as being between the good culture of science and the bad culture of literature.

In this denial of the actuality of politics, Sir Charles is at one with the temper of intellectuals today—we all want politics not to exist, we all want that statement of Hegel's to be absolutely and immediately true, we dream of Reason taking over the whole management of the world, and soon. No doubt a beneficent eventuality, but our impatience for it is dangerous if it leads us to deny the actuality of politics in the present. While we discuss, at Sir Charles's instance, the relative merits of scientific Philosopher Kings as against literary Philosopher Kings, politics goes on living its own autonomous life, of which one aspect is its massive resistance to Reason. What is gained by describing the resistance to Reason as other than it is, by thinking in the specious terms of two opposing "cultures"?

But of course the fact is that politics is not finally autonomous. It may be so massively resistant to Reason that we are led to think of its resistance as absolute—in bad times we conceive politics to be nothing but power. Yet it cannot be said —at least not so long as politics relies in any degree upon ideology—that politics is never susceptible to such Reason as is expressed in opinion, only that it is less susceptible in some nations and at some times than in other nations and at other times. And nowhere and at no time is politics exempt from moral judgment, whether or not that judgment is effectual. But if we make believe, as *The Two Cultures* does, that politics does not exist at all, then it cannot be the object of moral judgment. And if we deny all authority to literature, as *The Two Cultures* does,

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going so far as to say that the great traditional agency of moral awareness is itself immoral, then the very activity of moral judgment is impugned, except for that single instance of it which asserts the rightness of bringing the benefits of science to the disadvantaged of the world. In short, Sir Charles, seeking to advance the cause of understanding between the West and the Soviet Union, would seem to be saying that this understanding will come if we conceive both that politics cannot be judged (because it does not really exist) and that it should not be judged (because the traditional agency of judgment is irresponsible).

III

I JUDGE THE TWO CULTURES to be a book which is mistaken in a very large way indeed. And I find the failure of Dr. Leavis's criticism of it to consist in his addressing himself not to the full extent of its error but to extraneous matters. From reading the Richmond Lecture one gains the impression that the substance of the Rede Lecture is extremely offensive to Dr. Leavis, that all his sensibilities are outraged by it: we conclude that Sir Charles wants something which is very different from what Dr. Leavis wants, and that Dr. Leavis thinks that what Sir Charles wants is crude and vulgar. But we can scarcely suppose from Dr. Leavis's response that what Sir Charles says has a very wide reference—for all we can tell, he might have been proposing a change in the university curriculum which Dr. Leavis is repelling with the violence and disgust that are no doubt often felt though not expressed at meetings of curriculum committees. For Dr. Leavis, who has always attached great importance to educational matters, the proposed change is certainly important beyond the university. He understands it both as likely to have a bad effect on the national culture and as being the expression of something already bad in the national culture. But this, we suppose, he would feel about any change in the curriculum.

In short, Dr. Leavis, in dealing with the Rede Lecture, has not seen the object as in itself it really is, just as Sir Charles, in dealing with the culture of literature in its relation to politics, has not seen the object as in itself it really is.

An example of the inadequacy of Dr. Leavis's criticism of *The Two Cultures* is his response to what Sir Charles says, in concert with the distinguished scientist, about the political posture of the great writers of the modern period. That statement, if we stop short of its mention of Auschwitz—which makes a most important modification—certainly does have a color of truth. It is one of the cultural curiosities of the first three decades of the 20th century that, while the educated people, the readers of books, tended to become ever more liberal and radical in their thought, there is no literary figure of the very first rank (although many of the next rank) who, in his work, makes use of or gives credence to liberal or radical ideas. I remarked on this circumstance in an essay of 1946. "Our educated class," I said, "has a ready if mild suspiciousness of the profit motive, a belief in progress, science, social legislation, planning, and international cooperation, perhaps especially where Russia is in question. These beliefs do great credit to those who hold them. Yet it is a comment, if not on our beliefs then on our way of holding them, that not a single first-rate writer has emerged to deal with these ideas, and the emotions that are consonant with them, in a great literary way. . . . If we name those writers who, by the general consent of the most serious criticism, by consent too of the very class of educated people of which we speak, are thought of as the monumental figures of our time, we see that to these writers the liberal ideology has been at best a matter of indifference. Proust, Joyce, Lawrence, Yeats, Mann [as novelist], Kafka, Rilke, Gide [also as

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novelist]—all of them have their own love of justice and the good life, but in not one of them does it take the form of a love of the ideas and emotions which liberal democracy, as known by our educated class, has declared respectable." To which it can be added that some great writers have in their work given credence or utterance to conservative and even reactionary ideas, and that some in their personal lives maintained a settled indifference to all political issues, or a disdain of them. No reader is likely to derive political light either from the works or the table-talk of a modern literary genius, and some readers (of weak mind) might even be led into bad political ways.

If these writers are to be brought to the bar of judgment, anyone who speaks as their advocate is not, as Sir Charles says, defending the indefensible. The advocacy can be conducted in honest and simple ways. It is not one of these ways to say that literature is by its nature or by definition innocent—it is powerful enough for us to suppose that it has the possibility of doing harm. But the ideational influence of literature is by no means always as direct as, for polemical purposes, people sometimes say it is. As against the dismay of Sir Charles and the distinguished scientist at the reactionary tendencies of modern literary geniuses, there is the fact—a bald one—that the English poets who learned their trade from Yeats and Eliot, or even from Pound, have notably had no sympathy with the social ideas and attitudes of their poetical masters.

Every university teacher of literature will have observed the circumstance that young people who are of radical social and political opinion are virtually never troubled by the opposed views or the settled indifference of the great modern writers. This is not because the young exempt the writer from dealing with the serious problems of living, or because they see him through a mere aesthetic haze. It is because they know—and quite without instruction—that, in D. H. Lawrence's words, they are to trust the tale and not the teller of the tale. They perceive that the tale is always on the side of their own generous impulses. They know that, if the future is in the bones of anyone, it is in the bones of the literary genius, and exactly because the present is in his bones, exactly because the past is in his bones. They know that if a work of literature has any true artistic existence, it has value as a criticism of life; in whatever complex way it has chosen to speak, it is making a declaration about the qualities that life should have, about the qualities life does not have but should have. They feel, I think, that it is simply not possible for a work of literature that comes within the borders of greatness *not* to ask for more energy and fineness of life, and, by its own communication of awareness, bring these qualities into being. And if, in their experience of such a work, they happen upon an expression of contempt for some idea which they have connected with political virtue, they are not slow to understand that it is not the idea in its ideal form that is being despised, but the idea as it passes current in specious form, among certain and particular persons. I have yet to meet the student committed to an altruistic politics who is alienated from Stephen Daedalus by that young man's disgust with political idealism, just as I have yet to meet the student from the most disadvantaged background who feels debarred from what Yeats can give him by the poet's slurs upon shopkeepers or by anything else in his inexhaustible fund of snobbery.

IF EVER A MAN was qualified to state the case for literature, and far more persuasively than I have done, it is Dr. Leavis. His career as a critic and a teacher has been devoted exactly to the exposition of the idea that literature presents to us "the possibilities of life," the qualities of energy and fineness that life might have. And it is, of course, the intention of the Richmond Lecture to say just this in answer to

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Sir Charles's indictment. Yet something checks Dr. Leavis. When it is a question of the defense, not of literature in general, but of modern literature, he puts into countervailing evidence nothing more than a passage in which Lawrence says something, in a wry and grudging way, on behalf of social equality. This does not meet the charge; against it Sir Charles might cite a dozen instances in which Lawrence utters what Sir Charles—and perhaps even Dr. Leavis himself—would consider "the most imbecile expressions of anti-social feeling."

There is only one feasible approach to the anti-social utterances of many modern writers, and that is to consider whether their expressions of anti-social feeling are nothing but imbecile. It is the fact, like it or not, that a characteristic cultural enterprise of our time has been the questioning of society itself, not its particular forms and aspects but its very essence. To this extreme point has the criticism of life extended itself. Of the ways of dealing with this phenomenon, that of horror and dismay, such as Sir Charles's, is perhaps the least useful. Far better, it seems to me, is the effort to understand what this passionate hostility to society implies, to ask whether it is a symptom, sufficiently gross, of the decline of the West, or whether it is not perhaps an act of critical energy on the part of the West, an act of critical energy on the part of society itself—the effort of society to identify in itself that which is but speciously good, the effort to understand afresh the nature of the life it is designed to foster. I would not anticipate the answer, but these questions make, I am sure, the right way to come at the phenomenon.

It is not the way that Dr. Leavis comes at the phenomenon, despite his saying that the university study of literature must take its stand on the "intellectual-cultural frontier." Of the two D. H. Lawrences, the one who descended from the social-minded 19th century and who did, in some sort, affirm the social idea, and the other, for whom the condition of salvation was the total negation of society, Dr. Leavis can be comfortable only with the former. For the fact is that his commitment to the intellectual-cultural frontier is sincere but chiefly theoretical; he has, as is well known, sympathy with very few modern writers, and he therefore cannot in good grace come to their defense against Sir Charles's characterization of them.

MR. WALTER ALLEN, writing in the *New York Times Book Review,* has accurately remarked on "the common areas of agreement" between Dr. Leavis and Sir Charles. "One would expect . . . that Snow would be sympathetic to Leavis's emphasis on the all-importance of the moral center of literature," Mr. Allen says. "Both have attacked experiment in literature. Neither of them, to put it into crude shorthand, are Flaubert-and-Joyce men." The similarities go further. In point of social background the two men are not much apart, at least to the untutored American eye. Both spring from the provincial middle class in one or another of its strata, and whatever differences there may have been in the material advantages that were available or lacking to one or the other, neither was reared in the assumption of easy privilege. From these origins they derived, we may imagine, their strong sense of quotidian actuality and a respect for those who discharge the duties it imposes, and a high regard for the domestic affections, a quick dislike of the frivolous and merely elegant. Neither, as I have suggested, has any least responsiveness to the tendencies of modern thought or literature which are existential or subversive. A lively young person of advanced tastes would surely say that if ever two men were committed to England, Home, and Duty, they are Leavis and Snow—he would say that in this they are as alike as two squares.

There is one other regard, an especially significant one, in which they are similar. This is their feeling about social class. One of the chief interests of Sir Charles's

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novels is their explicitness about class as a determinative of the personal life, and in this respect *The Two Cultures* is quite as overt as the novels—its scientists make a new class by virtue of their alienation from the old class attitudes, and Sir Charles's identification of literary men with the traditional culture which supposedly manages the Western world implies that they are in effect the representatives of an aristocratic ruling class, decadent but still powerful. The work of Dr. Leavis is no less suffused by the idea of social class, even though its preoccupation with the subject is far less explicit. To my recollection, Dr. Leavis does not make use of any of the words which denote the distinctions of English society—he does not refer to an aristocracy, a gentry, an upper-middle or lower-middle or working class. For him a class defines itself by its idea of itself —that is, by its tastes and style. Class is for him a cultural entity. And when he conceives of class power, as he often does, it is not economic or political power but, rather, cultural power that he thinks of. It is true that cultural power presents itself to his mind as being in some way suggestive of class power, but the actualities of power or influence are for him always secondary to the culture from which they arose or to which they give rise.

And indeed, no less than Sir Charles, Dr. Leavis is committed to the creation of a new class. This, we might even say, is the whole motive of his work. The social situation he would seem to assume is one in which there is a fair amount of mobility which is yet controlled and limited by the tendency of the mobile people to allow themselves to be absorbed into one of the traditional classes. As against the attraction exerted by a quasi-aristocratic, metropolitan upper-middle class, Dr. Leavis has taken it to be his function to organize the mobile people, those of them who are gifted and conscious, into a new social class formed on the basis of its serious understanding of and response to literature, chiefly English literature. In this undertaking he has by no means been wholly unsuccessful. One has the impression that many of the students he has trained think of themselves, as they take up their posts in secondary schools and universities, as constituting at least a social cadre.

THE ONLY OTHER time I wrote about Dr. Leavis I remarked that the Cromwellian Revolution had never really come to an end in England and that Dr. Leavis was one of the chief colonels of the Roundhead party. His ideal readers are people who "are seriously interested in literature," and it is on their behalf that he wages war against a cultural-social class which, when it concerns itself with literature, avows its preference for the qualities of grace, lightness, and irony, and deprecates an overt sincerity and seriousness. "To a polished nation," said Gibbon, "poetry is an amusement of the fancy, not a passion of the soul," and all through his career it is against everything that Gibbon means by a polished nation and might mean by a polished class that Dr. Leavis has set his face. Bloomsbury has been his characteristic antagonist. But now, in Charles Snow, he confronts an opponent who is as Roundhead as himself, and as earnest and *intentional*.

To this confrontation Dr. Leavis is not adequate. It is not an adequate response to the massive intention of *The Two Cultures* for Dr. Leavis to meet Sir Charles's cultural preferences with his own preferences; or to seek to discredit Sir Charles's ideas chiefly by making them out to be vulgar ideas or outmoded (Wellsian) ideas; or to offer, as against Sir Charles's vision of a future made happier by science, the charms of primitive peoples "with their marvellous arts and skills and vital intelligence." I do not mean to say that Dr. Leavis does not know where Sir Charles goes wrong in the details of his argument—he is as clear as we expect him to be in rebuking that quite massive

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blunder about the Victorian writers. Nor, certainly, do I mean that Dr. Leavis does not know what the great fundamental mistake of Sir Charles's position is—he does, and he can be eloquent in asserting against a simplistic confidence in a scientific "future" the need of mankind, in the face of a rapid advance of science and technology, "to be in full intelligent possession of its full humanity (and 'possession' here means, not confident ownership of that which belongs to *us*—our property, but a basic living deference towards that to which, opening as it does into the unknown and itself immeasurable, we know we belong)." But such moments of largeness do not save the Richmond Lecture from its general aspect of dealing with an issue that is essentially parochial. For example, of the almost limitless political implications of Sir Charles's position it gives no evidence of awareness. And if we undertake to find a reason for the inadequacy of Dr. Leavis's response, we will find, I think, that it is the same as the reason which accounts for Sir Charles having been in the first place so wholly mistaken in what he says—both men set too much store by the idea of *culture* as a category of thought.

THE CONCEPT OF culture is an idea of great attractiveness and undoubted usefulness. We may say that it begins in the assumption that all human expressions or artifacts are indicative of some considerable tendencies in the life of social groups or sub-groups, and that what is indicative is also causative—all cultural facts have their consequences. To think in cultural terms is to consider human expressions not only in their overt existence and avowed intention, but in, as it were, their secret life, taking cognizance of the desires and impulses which lie behind the open formulation. In the judgments which we make when we think in the category of culture we rely to a very large extent upon the style in which an expression is made, believing that style will indicate, or betray, what is not intended to be expressed. The aesthetic mode is integral to the idea of culture, and our judgments of social groups are likely to be made chiefly on an aesthetic basis—we like or do not like what we call their life-styles, and even when we judge moralities, the criterion by which we choose between two moralities of, say, equal strictness or equal laxness is likely to be an aesthetic one.

The concept of culture affords to those who use it a sense of the liberation of their thought, for they deal less with abstractions and mere objects, more with the momentous actualities of human feelings as these shape and condition the human community, as they make and as they indicate the quality of man's existence. Not the least of the attractions of the cultural mode of thought are the passions which attend it—because it assumes that all things are causative or indicative of the whole of the cultural life, it proposes to us those intensities of moralized feeling which seem appropriate to our sense that all that is good in life is at stake in every cultural action. An instance of mediocrity or failure in art or thought is not only what it is but also a sin, deserving to be treated as such. These passions are vivifying; they have the semblance of heroism.

And if we undertake to say what were the circumstances that made the cultural mode of thought as available and as authoritative as it now is, we must refer to Marx, and to Freud, and to the general movement of existentialism, to all that the tendencies of modernity imply of the sense of contingency in life, from which we learn that the one thing that can be disputed, and that is worth disputing, is preference or taste. The Rede Lecture and the Richmond Lecture exemplify the use to which the idea of culture can be put in shaking the old certainties of class, in contriving new social groups on the basis of taste. All this does indeed give the cultural mode of thought a very considerable authority. Yet sometimes we

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may wonder if it is wholly an accident that so strong an impulse to base our sense of life, and our conduct of the intellectual life, chiefly upon the confrontations of taste should have developed in an age dominated by advertising, the wonderful and terrible art which teaches us that we define ourselves and realize our true being by choosing the right style. In our more depressed moments we might be led to ask whether there is a real difference between being The Person Who defines himself by his commitment to one or another idea of morality, politics, literature, or city-planning, and being The Person Who defines himself by wearing trousers without pleats.

We can, I suppose, no more escape from the cultural mode of thought than we can escape from culture itself. Yet perhaps we must learn to cast a somewhat colder eye upon it for the sake of whatever regard we have for the intellectual life, for the possibility of rational discourse. Sir Charles envisages a new and very powerful social class on the basis of a life-style which he imputes to a certain profession in contrast with the life-style he imputes to another profession, and he goes on from there to deny both the reality of politics and the possibility of its being judged by moral standards. Dr. Leavis answers him with a passion of personal scorn which obscures the greater part of the issue and offers in contradiction truth indeed but truth so hampered and hidden by the defenses of Dr. Leavis's own choice in life-styles that it looks not much different from a prejudice. And the *Spectator* correspondents exercise their taste in life-styles and take appropriate sides. It is at such a moment that our dispirited minds yearn to find comfort and courage in the idea of Mind, that faculty whose ancient potency our commitment to the idea of culture denies. To us today, Mind must inevitably seem but a poor gray thing, for it always sought to detach itself from the passions (but not from the emotions, Spinoza said, and explained the difference) and from the conditions of time and place. Yet it is salutary for us to contemplate it, whatever its grayness, because of the bright belief that was once attached to it, that it was the faculty which belonged not to professions, or to social classes, or to cultural groups, but to Man, and that it was possible for men, and becoming to them, to learn its proper use, for it was the means by which they could communicate with each other.

IT WAS ON this belief that science based its early existence, and it gave to the men who held it a character which is worth remarking. Sir Charles mentions Faraday among those scientists who overrode the limitations of social class to form the "scientific culture" of England. This is true only so far as it can be made consonant with the fact that Faraday could not have imagined the idea of a "scientific culture" and would have been wholly repelled by it. It is told of Faraday that he refused to be called a *physicist;* he very much disliked the new name as being too special and particular and insisted on the old one, *philosopher,* in all its spacious generality: we may suppose that this was his way of saying that he had not overridden the limiting conditions of class only to submit to the limitations of profession. The idea of Mind which had taught the bookbinder's apprentice to embark on his heroic enterprise of self-instruction also taught the great scientist to place himself beyond the specialness of interest which groups prescribe for their members. Every personal episode in Tyndall's classic account of his master, *Faraday as a Researcher,* makes it plain that Faraday undertook to be, in the beautiful lost sense of the word, a *disinterested* man. From his belief in Mind, he derived the certitude that he had his true being not as a member of this or that profession or class, but as—in the words of a poet of his time—"a man speaking to men."

No one now needs to be reminded of what may befall the idea of Mind in the

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way of excess and distortion. The literature of the 19th century never wearied of telling us just this, of decrying the fatigue and dessication of spirit which result from an allegiance to Mind that excludes impulse and will, and desire and preference. It was, surely, a liberation to be made aware of this, and then to go on to take serious account of those particularities of impulse and will, of desire and preference, which differentiate individuals and groups—to employ what I have called the cultural mode of thought. We take it for granted that this, like any other mode of thought, has its peculiar dangers, but there is cause for surprise and regret that it should be Sir Charles Snow and Dr. Leavis who have jointly demonstrated how far the cultural mode of thought can go in excess and distortion.

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

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PAUL GOODMAN

THE INEFFECTUALITY OF SOME INTELLIGENT PEOPLE

When we treat man as he is, we make him worse than he is. When we treat him as if he already were what he potentially could be, we make him what he should be.
—Goethe

AT THEIR MEETING in 1960, the American Association for the Advancement of Science resolved that it was the duty of scientists to inform the public of the dangers of bomb-testing and heard C. P. Snow predict as a matter of statistical certainty that some of the bombs would go off within ten years. I asked Margaret Mead—I think she was their president at that time—if this meant that scientists working to produce these deadly products should quit their jobs. "Certainly not," she said, "it is their duty as scientists to inform the public." But what simple soul would then believe them? Or, if one believed them, how to regard them except as monsters? Professor Mead's theory, apparently, was that the public, if informed, would exert pressure on the governments; but the scientists did not exert the pressure that *they* had. "Why don't the American and Russian scientists, who are so friendly," I asked, "strike, exert their power, put a stop to it?" "That would be conspiracy," said Professor Mead tartly. So it would.

I am again and again baffled how persons of intellect, of good intention, of strong conviction, reason in a way that must logically lead to an action, and yet do not act. This seems to me to be profoundly pathological, yet how to cure it? Such people are not hypocritical, so one cannot expose and shame them. I do not believe that they are merely timid and afraid of losing their jobs. They do not seem to suffer from the despairing idea that nothing can be done, since they speak up and urge us to do this and that. But they themselves seem to have lost the spring of initiative, the ability of moving themselves, which Aristotle singled out as a chief property of living animals.

1. Unitarians, etc.

To explore this pathology of professors and scientists, let us first consider a (perhaps) simpler group of well-intentioned, intelligent, solid citizens, whose ineffectuality seems to be explicable on more familiar social grounds. This group we may loosely identify as Unitarians, Universalists, Humanists, members of the Ethical Culture Society, many Quakers. They are more than a hundred thousand, educated far above the average, richer than the average, with considerable moral courage and high ideals of life. Why do they throw so little weight? We can think of half a dozen reasons.

In the first place, they have the defect

PAUL GOODMAN'S essay on "The Community of Scholars" appeared in our March number. The present piece will be included in a pamphlet of his, *Holding the Line,* to be published in the fall by Random House, which also put out his *Utopian Essays and Practical Proposals* and *Growing Up Absurd.*

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of their virtues: they are decent and observe the rules of the game, even when the rules are manipulated against them. Suppose, for instance, they have been vehemently opposed to the bomb-shelters, following Mrs. Roosevelt, whom many of them respect as a leader. Nevertheless, when the government, by its characteristic arts of crash publicity and scientific quackery, manages to set a shelter program moving with popular acquiescence, soon our friends—again following Mrs. Roosevelt (and Margaret Mead)—bow to the "democracy" and agree to the bomb-shelters if they are *community,* rather than private, shelters. But contrast with this the behavior of certain high school youngsters in the New York City schools. A couple of years ago, to protest the shelter drills, these students wore blue arm bands, although that was forbidden; and in one school a few were suspended. By the next semester, the youngsters refused to participate in the drills altogether, and the principal of one school now *asked* them to wear blue arm bands to register their protest. But the students persisted in boycotting the drills and again a few were suspended. Now the principal has agreed for them not to take part in the drills, if only they do not obstruct the others. By this time the drills have become a farce and are so treated by the teachers who do not mark down the delinquents' names. There has been a change of the rules not against the dissenters but for them.

Our Unitarians, etc. are balked also by their false Realism and Practicality. They remain in a framework of action even when it offers no possibilities for *their* kind of action. This occurs at every election. Our friends have an obsessional inability to refrain from marking a ballot, though they are offered no relevant candidates. They will not vote for a minor candidate because they do not want to throw away the vote; and they reason that not to vote at all is a futile protest. But the practical alternative is to *actively* not vote, to campaign against voting with an ad in the press and on TV, and picket a hundred feet from the polls crying "DON'T vote, till we get a candidate representing what we believe." This would, of course, be scandalous—but not so scandalous as having to choose between a Kennedy and a Nixon.

False Practicality is sometimes the bathetic illusion of exerting possible influence if one "works within the system," and naturally the major political parties use window-dressing to attract this kind of support. (Certainly conceited identification with the powerful works mightily in some of our academics and scientists.) In describing the American Communists of the 30's, Harold Rosenberg has scathingly exposed their lust to be on the governing board, no matter what. But in general in America—perhaps because of the methods by which people get office—it is almost out of the question for anyone indignantly to resign; and our intellectuals agree that it would be imprudent for one to give up one's chance of exerting influence! But of course one's *not* resigning is what exerts a discouraging influence, for it means that no issue is really earnest.

THE GENERAL CLASS of falsely practical behavior is choosing the lesser of two evils; and there is current an abominable doctrine that *only* such choices indicate that a man is tough-minded and serious, rather than utopian and dilettantish. (To do them credit, I do not think that the Unitarians, etc. accept this abomination of Dr. Niebuhr and the *New Leader.*) Let us be clear on what is involved here. Choosing the Lesser Evil does not mean accepting half a loaf, or one slice, or even the promise of a crumb tomorrow; it means swallowing a milder rat poison rather than a more virulent rat poison. But to be stuck with such a choice also means that we have long neglected our duty and interest; there are terrible unfinished situations which prevent the emergence of new possibilities. Then it is to this unfinished business that we must

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address ourselves, and not choose still another evil to avoid unfinished business. We cannot hope, after long neglect, to escape without suffering. Surely the history of colonialism and its breakdown has taught nothing else but this. Only penitence and magnanimity in making amends can now shorten the time of travail. Gimmicks, gradualism, puppet-rulers cannot avail. Since the French must quit Algeria in 1962, it would have helped them magnanimously to begin to do so in 1954. I will merely mention Cuba and South America. But of course the *ne plus ultra* of Choosing the Lesser Evil is accepting Deterrence as a policy, even though this policy is likely to produce the maximum calamity, and even though the first stroke of unfinished business in this area would be to call for a national and world-wide mourning for Hiroshima.

The False Realism of the better educated often amounts to a contempt for plain people and a pessimistic notion of democracy. It is thought that the "mass" of people are not up to ideal or magnanimous behavior; they must be won or pacified in terms of surface prejudices and venal interests; and our real aims must be concealed and debauched by Public Relations. Inevitably such behavior has caused a continual further debasement and confusion of the electorate. The result is that by now it is almost unknown for any genuine issue—an issue that could be decided by real evidence and real differences of interest—to be debated in an electoral campaign. But if there are no real issues, there is no possibility for an inventive or statesmanlike resolution of them. Yet these people who must be cajoled and tricked are no others than our neighbors who, individually or especially in small groups, are not morons if directly confronted. (In great numbers, to be sure, the whole is less than the sum of its parts.) One of the very few honest public figures whom I know, Congressman Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, has told me that the chief virtue is to be willing to lose; then if one finally wins, one is free and clean. In his opinion, his constituents do not agree with everything he speaks for, but there is mutual respect and they return him.

Finally, our Unitarians, etc. are saddled with their bourgeois and churchly respectability. They are embarrassed, for instance, to give themselves personally to a cause, to carry a sign on the street, rather than sending a telegram or contributing money for an ad. Therefore they do not get the moral and psychological support of solidarity, which comes only from commitment of one's person with one's fellows. Middle-class respectability is also squeamish about who its fellows are; it finds it hard to associate with young beards, jeans, and sandals. Nevertheless, it is a mistake for peace actions to discipline themselves to "respectability" in order to win bourgeois support. (Both SANE and the Committee for Non-Violent Action are susceptible to this temptation.) Discipline for such a motive takes the heart out of any committed behavior, which one must perform as one is, not as one wishes to appear for public relations. Let the others learn that peace is more important than proper clothes. Indeed, one of the most salutary effects of the movements for peace and for civil rights has been just to acquaint respectable people with rough facts; in many a middle-class family these days there has suddenly come to be a member in the common jail or out on bail.

Also, it is hard for respectable people to associate themselves with burning but "disreputable" causes. Peace and racial integration are now quite respectable; the repeal of the irrational sex and drug laws is much less so. Yet unfortunately, it is only if the respectable, the professionally competent, and the churches speak up on these laws that we will ever get rid of them.

2. *Professors & Social Scientists*

In part, well-intentioned and radical professors are kept from decisive action

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by these same decencies, gullibilities, petty ambitions, and embarrassments. Their futility often has a similar middle-class background. To be more precise, I think that, as stronger-minded scholars, they are less hampered by moral respectability and mere appearances; but on the other hand, as organization men often working close to the disputed areas, they are more timid about losing their jobs. And as experts, as I have said, they are even peculiarly liable to fall into the trap of being "influential" though they do not determine policy, because they are exploited for their brains and not merely as prestigious names. An academic is likely to take enormous pride in seeing his brain child become great in the world, even as a monster.

Yet the professors are peculiarly puzzling. Their very energy of intellect drives them to make sense, and their ineffectuality is mysterious. Take, roughly as a group, the Committees of Correspondence, writers of newsletters that we circulate to put whatever intellect we have into relaxing the cold war and preventing the nuclear war. (The ambitious American Revolutionary title was chosen to fit the gravity of the task, but it is certainly pompous considering the activity of the members.) Pretty unanimously these correspondents agree that war is not thinkable as a policy; that deterrence is suicidal; that the garrison-state is undermining liberty and morality; that the American administration is not bona fide in its peace talks—it does nothing to reconvert the economy, it lies to us, etc.; and indeed, that national sovereignty must go. Nevertheless, whenever there is an actual event —a "crisis" in Berlin, a resumption of testing—at once the professors start over as if they had not made up their minds, and they bat it around in the terms of the front page of the *Times*. They argue the technical pros and cons; they sympathize with Jack Kennedy's difficulties; they advise the government. They even go so far as to indulge in the speculations of war-game theory, their difference from the Rand Corporation being that the Rand people think we can win whereas our people prove that we must lose. In the New York Committee, of which I am a laggard member, the watchword is research. This means research not on how to make our wishes prevail, but on the inaccuracies of Herman Kahn!

Of course, professors are academics and suffer the moral hazards of that situation, the disconnection of thought and practice, the check-rein of administrators who make the important decisions, immurement with adolescents whom they can neither lead nor mix with, the vanity of classroom authority, and battles of book reviews. Also, there is little community of the faculty in American universities, and we suffer from the disastrous German rule of "academic freedom" that forbids faculty pronouncements in politics. As we have it in America, the academic environment is not calculated to produce commitment and engagement as a climax of intellectual conviction. (Under other circumstances, of course, academic society has been admirably apt for intellectual engagement.) Just as in their schools where the administration sets up the syllabus and the classes, the professors seem to require somebody else's framework in order to act; they can think and criticize but they cannot initiate policy out of their own convictions. They demonstrate that the official position will ruin us, but they panic at any unofficial alternative.

YET THE PATHOLOGY goes deeper than this environmental conditioning. There is a political pathology in the essence of contemporary social theory that makes revolutionary alternatives inconceivable to the social scientists. With the best will in the world they cannot see any source of power outside the established power, so there is no point in wishing or talking in other terms, even though the established power has no other *raison d'être* than to wage the cold war! The social scientists

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are balked by the narrowness of what they regard as admissible evidence. Contemporary social theory consists in analyzing the arrangement and possible rearrangement of units that are defined as entirely socialized to the system of society, or as deviant. The theory omits animal nature, which cannot be entirely socialized; it omits history, which tells us that men have been very different from those they are dealing with; it omits political philosophy, which tells what men ought to be if life is to be worth living; it omits poetic literature, which imagines other ways of being men. But if we omit these approaches and deal only with "men as they are," we are soon left with the world of the front page and of TV, as if this were the real world. In that world there is no other power than the established power, of force, publicity, status, vested holdings, protocol, and the market. Of these, only the market offers free choices, of course powerfully manipulated; the rest are systematically imposed. On the other hand there are no conceivable viable alternatives that might newly spring from desire, community, compassion, productive function, jealous freedom, simple justice, utility, common sense, scholarship, tradition, etc. Such things are hardly mentioned on the front page, but sometimes in obituaries or as human interest.

Once, at a conference on disarmament at Columbia, I tried to introduce sexual and animal factors as relevant to the discussion of a psychotic system of theorizing. The response was merriment. This mirth was partly, of course, produced by the school-girlish embarrassment of professors and statesmen at the mention of copulation; but it was mainly that such factors do not occur, and perhaps cannot occur, in the discussions of the cold war in the New York *Times* or the *Studies in Deterrence* distributed by Naval Ordnance.

In my opinion, the political pathology of the present social scientific method is of high importance, so let me give a few random examples of it. Here are some "Psychological Observations on the Student Sit-in Movement," by Drs. Jacob Fishman and Fredric Solomon. The gist is that the Negro sit-ins are a "pro-social acting out," like delinquency acting out deprivation, unconscious parental wishes, aggression and rebellion, but consciously based on moral imperatives, "the goals of conscience representing traditional Christian morality and the highest principles of traditional American democracy." In brief, for these Negro students, "Public action toward social goals is their way of at least temporarily resolving problems of identity, super-ego formation, and aggression." (In like manner, a more assertive behavior of the professors would betoken an unfinished neurotic situation.) In this analysis there is no mention of simple justice—that is, whether traditional Christian morality and American democracy are true or good. There is no mention of human indignation at being insulted; nor of the ingenuous political effort of youth to make a safer and happier world. I doubt that identity can be merely the resolution of an "inner" problem rather than also something to be discovered-and-created, in a community, by a man.

SOMETIMES THE METHOD is almost ludicrous. Criticizing a commodity-oriented suburb, Maurice Stein points out that "The accumulation of appliances can never render cooking permanently meaningful as long as the woman is unsure of its relation to her feminine identity"—and he proceeds to borrow from Erik Erikson the thought that "Identity depends on the accessibility of roles in which acceptance by significant others is assured." This has merit, but oddly, at no point in the discussion does Professor Stein once mention food, feeding, or good cooking, although in the end it must be these that make cooking meaningful and guarantee acceptance, and make the cook proudly feel that she is somebody. It is characteristic of our social scientists never to mention the function, the satisfaction (or danger), the

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process, the product, or the utility. This leaves out most of the things by which we could actively *change* anybody's "acceptance" or "rejection." There is no factual criterion outside the system of roles to justify liquidating some of the roles.

Let me give another example along the same lines. In our economic and industrial relations a workman has no say in the utility of the product or the technique of the process; *therefore* his foreground criterion for a job is "security." But under normal conditions, a workman is secure if what he makes is necessary, so that his work is wanted; and if the process employs his aptitudes, so that it is he who is wanted. Yet in management and labor unions both, our social engineers do not think in these terms. Rather, they take the secondary sentiment of "security" as the ultimate desire of the man, and make no effort to cope with the real irk of the job. Men socialized to an unsatisfactory situation are mistaken for "men as they are."

(We utopians are said to want the ideal, which is unrealistic, for society can never provide more than the tolerable. The charge is false. We would be quite content with the tolerable, which would allow individuals to make something of themselves if they have it in them. But it is the way of the present democracy-by-consent to settle for the not-intolerable, for the system to oppress as far as it can without arousing a squawk. Inevitably, as we see in our urbanism, people become inured and resigned to a greater and greater degree of the not-intolerable. Yet none of this will seem important to a sociologist until there is a fantastic explosion.)

In an essay on Vassar, Theodore Newcomb points out that "Students and faculty are two societies occupying the same territory." So Professors Jencks and Riesman of Harvard: "Professors and students know one another as ambassadors from mutually fearful cultures." Pursuing this notion of the colleges "as they are," the social scientists then try to devise a system of education in terms of acculturation of the alien tribes. But by so doing they neglect the possibility of making a good university, one founded on a more correct anthropology, namely that the students and teachers are one society, the students growing up and learning from the teachers as veterans. In the analysis of the professors, the youth sub-culture is taken as irreducible, whereas this sub-culture is in fact their reaction to being balked by adult society. And the teachers are relegated to being forever academics, but it is their embarrassment, timidity, and lack of function in the world that make them so.

THUS, NEGLECTING HISTORY, animal and social nature, political philosophy, and poetry, the social scientists are left with a closed society in which nothing is possible but a better arrangement of the same forces. People's opinions, prejudices, neuroses, and fears as revealed by questionnaires and depth-questionnaires will fairly reflect the same structure of society—what else would they reflect? But indeed, the questions themselves usually offer only the usual choices. Only the "No Opinion" gets outside the box. Tests of personality are not used for therapy, as they were designed, to open new possibilities for removing personality blocks, but are used precisely for social engineering, to facilitate a more painless and "efficient" adjustment of the same personalities to the same system. Not surprisingly people increasingly do not adjust—the most recent study says that 80 per cent of persons in midtown Manhattan are nutty—but this is again taken not as a defect in our way of life but as a defect in our way of socializing people to that way of life.

Then suddenly some of the professors notice that the *system as a whole* is drifting toward disaster. The cold war is "escalating." They cry out in alarm. They underwrite ads in the *Times*. They form Committees of Correspondence. All this is earnest, courageous, non-comforming. But they do not, apparently they cannot, think, or step, outside the framework of

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the drifting system. The cold war escalates further, but their response does *not* escalate further. They do not say "I won't." They do not invent.

3. *Practical Syllogism*

To explain all this, we must explore ahead. The professors are balked more by their habits of thought than by their middle-class and academic habits of life. They are intellectuals; inquiry is their existential commitment; if they could habitually think differently, they would eventually live differently. What is the background of their frustrating kind of thought?

The problem can be defined pretty sharply: they reason practically but do not come to a conclusion of practice. Consider a practical syllogism of a simple form: "I want an X," "Here is an X," then the conclusion from these premises is *not* another proposition, but an action—to take the X and use it. (So negatively: "This behavior is disadvantageous," "I could stop it," then the conclusion is in fact to stop.) Psychosomatically, the meaning of this simple logic is clear. Where does the energy of action come from? The desire expressed in the first premise is the energy of the action of the conclusion. The second premise, that gathers information about the environment, is also selected and attended to because of the desire in the major. And finally, the act, the climax of practical reasoning, is the release to activity of the motoric system that has been held in check during the verbal part. Now let us consider this verbal part. Why does the man verbalize his experience at all? Presumably the speaker *says* "I want" as a request or a demand on another, and meanwhile holds his own motor behavior in check, waiting for a response. "Here is, etc." is seeking orientation: to ascertain the availability, permissibility, location which must be determined for action. Since there is a problem, there is a delay called "thinking"; since there is a useful interpersonal context, there is speech; but the solution of the problem is a feelingful and appropriate action. On the whole, practical reasoning, like any other normal act, is an integration of feeling, sensation, and motor behavior, usually in a community.

In recent models of practical reasoning, however, there is an extraordinary emphasis on a stage called "deciding" or "decision-making." To quote one of the writers on administration, John Corson: "Decision-making is the central and continual business of every human enterprise." What is implied in this astonishing proposition? Normally, apart from obsessionals, deciding is not a major part of practice.

There is, in the present economic and social arrangements, a high concentration of control of capital, a large (and usually excessive) component of frozen capital regarded as an investment that must pay off, a top-down management of the machinery, long-chain bureaucracy, considerable ignorance and indifference of most workers as to what the enterprise is about, and almost total ignorance of everybody as to what they as persons are about. The style of the products is largely built into the machinery; the style of life into the relations of production; and the style of thought is predetermined by the system itself. Indeed, the limits of choice, of deciding, are narrowly set by what the predetermined thought and style of the system can allow as alternatives. The choice of one or another of the limited alternatives is called "decision-making" and it seems to be vastly important because it "influences" so vast a machine; but of course the influence is slight, because nothing can be decided that differs from what the machine will accept as a program to operate with. The machine itself cannot be much altered because it is so heavily capitalized and must pay off. And the system of relations as a whole is so tightly controlled and so complicated that it "goes by itself." Little is really decided, but deciding stands out as an act peculiarly potent, important, and free simply because it is so isolated from the matrix of im-

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mediate desire, concrete perception, inventive thought, motoric strength and rhythm that constitutes ordinary practical and intellectual life. Managers are prestigious because they are the remnants of men, whereas the others are not men at all.

But the decision-maker, the administrator, is only a remnant. He has little personal desire or concern for the goal; he knows little about the information that comes to him in a form so highly processed that it has often lost the essence of the reality; nor is it he who implements the decision, so that he does not grow by practice. In brief, our present style of big practical judgment—corporate, mechanical, managerial—is, psychosomatically, a trivial remnant of normal practice; but it does satisfy the illusory conceit of being a big wheel.

Return now to our professors. My guess is that they, whose private lives are usually pretty restricted, have become so mesmerized by this big style that they no longer remember what it feels like simply to reason and act. Secondarily they rationalize their avoidance of important life-choices by saying that only "big" decision-making has public consequences. In my opinion, even this rationalization is an error, because straightforward reasonable practice has great rhetorical force (especially by contrast), whereas corporate, managerial, and public-relations decisions are rightly taken whence they come, as making little significant difference.

(By the way, I do not believe that an advanced technology necessarily involves what I have been describing: concentrated management, bureaucracy, alienation of labor, and the emasculation of practical reasoning to decision-making. Quite the contrary, these are by and large inefficient, unexperimental, uncritical, and discouraging to invention. I write this paragraph because I have learned from experience that to point out structural defects of the present social arrangements is at once to be called a machine-breaker who wants to return to something called the Middle Ages. This is again an example of mesmerized superstition.)

ANOTHER IMPORTANT factor in the professors' behavior is their disposition to verbalize experience and keep it verbalized, rather than to use speech as an action upon others. They shun any argument *ad hominem*. "Communication" comes to mean the exchange of ideas from one head to another with each person's character-defense left intact and his pattern of behavior unaltered. Speakers put only their formulation at stake, not their lives, their fortunes, or their sacred honor. When they come to share a common idea, it is with the same detachment. Since they have staked nothing and have not committed their persons in their speech, their agreement gives them no strength of solidarity, and there is no engagement in the action that would normally follow on agreement.

This is, of course, what is meant by an argument being academic; since nothing is changed by it, it is always possible to reverse positions and argue the contrary. (It is a good teaching method for the freshman and sophomore years.) Faculty meetings, with their departmental courtesy, are a training-ground: one is supposed to excel in speech in one's field, but it is bad form to insist on anything, for the sake of action, that would invade somebody else's preserve. Scholarly detachment is necessary for intellectual consideration, but finally the flow of words must come home to oneself, in action or character-change; otherwise we have mere conversation-pieces and ping-pong, a speech-game designed for ceremony, or to show off, or at best to one-up and establish a pecking order.

Effective speech, however, is a personal contact and the grounds of personal contact, whether affectionate or aggressive, are psychosexual and communal. Until our mores become sexier, dirtier, friendlier, and angrier, we cannot expect intellectual speech to be *ad hominem*. Yet if argument is not at least potentially *ad hominem*, the

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speaker's lurking motivations and deep-grained habits are never brought into the foreground, challenged, and tested. And without felt motivation and felt attitude, new reasoning cannot pass into new practice.

To think and then act requires faith. A man must believe that he and his peers, correcting one another's reasoning, and making it common and public, have finally as good a sampling of reality as there is. And they are as adequate judges of it as there are, for any other judgments are merely made by other groups of men who, one has reason to suspect, might be more ignorant or fraudulent. And most important, a man must believe that the world is a world *for* him; if he exercises initiative and takes a step, his action will have an effect, however small, in the same real world. He will not suddenly be without ground underfoot. Faith is animal faith, as Santayana said, but it is also a ground of poetry, according to philosophy, in the stream of history. It is humane. A man has faith that if he is well-intentioned, rational, not fanatical, he is not alone; there is a human community that is thinking the same thoughts as himself and his friends, and ready to act in concert. Of course I do not know where such faith in the nature of things and in the human community comes from, nor how it can be infused. It is faith. It seems to me to be the most proximate cause of initiative. It is not very helpful of me to end these reflections with a confidence that I cannot transfer from my breast to yours. But at least I have tried to show how the conditions of our society discourage it, my hope being that we can then learn to stand out of the way.

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R. H. S. CROSSMAN

GENTILE ZIONISM AND THE BALFOUR DECLARATION

THE BALFOUR DECLARATION was issued on November 2, 1917, and took the curious form of a letter from the British Foreign Secretary, Arthur James Balfour, to Lord Rothschild. The text is as follows:

Dear Lord Rothschild,

I have much pleasure in conveying to you, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations which has been submitted to, and approved by, the Cabinet.

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

I should be grateful if you would bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Federation.

Yours sincerely,
Arthur James Balfour

Thus the actual Declaration consists of one single flabby sentence—the ambiguous product of three months' drafting and counter-drafting. Yet, unlike most famous political declarations, which merely ratify a decision already taken, these sixty-seven words changed the course of history. Once they had been published, Britain, then at the height of her imperial power, became involved in a Middle Eastern policy which committed her inexorably to plotting for and obtaining mandatory control of Palestine under the League of Nations, and thereby making herself responsible to the Jews of the world for the establishment of the National Home and to the Arabs for strangling it before it threatened their existence. If the Balfour Declaration had not been issued in the first week of November 1917, there would have been no Mandate and no National Home. Israel would have remained unborn and Arab nationalism might not have been transformed into an anti-Western movement.

Here, then, is one of those seminal episodes in human history, the study of whose details enables us to comprehend better the whole succeeding epoch. Unfortunately, however, the historical truth about the Balfour Declaration is a rock overlaid by successive deposits of myth and countermyth. There is the human interest story, to which Lloyd George gave some authenticity in his memoirs, that the British War Premier presented Palestine as a gift to Chaim Weizmann in return for services rendered when he was Minister of Munitions. The unknown Russian chemist, according to this version, had, singlehanded, saved the British Navy by developing a new process for the production of acetone,

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an essential ingredient in the making of TNT. "I am Weizmann's proselyte," Lloyd George told a Jewish audience in 1925. "Acetone converted me to Zionism."

It is a nice story, but no one believes it. Moreover, Jew and Arab alike have felt the need for a profounder explanation of this extraordinary British decision. The Arab version, of course, starts from the agreements with which the British tempted their leaders to revolt and then shows that, at the self-same moment these agreements were being negotiated, the British government was making a compact with the Jewish financiers of America, whose dollars were desperately needed. The Jewish version, on the other hand, prefers to see the episode as the masterpiece of Weizmann's diplomatic skill, a rare example of a change in the course of history wrought by the efforts of a single man.

Until now, in the absence of an authoritative study, one could take one's choice according to one's prejudice, but now no longer. *The Balfour Declaration,* by Leonard Stein,* is a 660-page study, at once monumental in scale, scholarly in its standard of research, and perceptive in its analysis of human weakness. Unfortunately it is composed with a style so dry and an exactitude so pedantic that it is likely to put off all but the academic reader. Because I am pretty sure that it is the kind of book which will be read in review and not in the original, I have decided to make what should have been a critique of Mr. Stein into a summary of the astonishing story he has to tell.

II

MR. STEIN STARTS by reminding us what an insignificant little thing Zionism was in 1914. At that time there were only 8,000 members of the Zionist Federation in Great Britain, and the situation in the United States was even worse. Out of three million Jews, some 12,000 were Zionists. Nor did there seem any prospect of their ideals being realized. Palestine was a backward, insignificant province of the Ottoman Empire, and the Zionist Executive, with its headquarters in Berlin, was strictly neutral in Great Power politics and vociferously asserted that "the Turks possess in the whole world no more generous and self-sacrificing friends than the Zionists." The Zionist aim, in fact, was to add a few more hundreds to the 35,000 Jews who then formed a tiny minority among the two million Arabs in Palestine. But the rise of the Young Turks, and of the new, fiercer nationalism in which they believed, made such hopes remote indeed. As Stein drily comments, "These protestations fell upon deaf ears. The Turks were unimpressed, and did all they could to keep the Jews out of Palestine."

Suddenly the situation was transformed by the outbreak of World War I, and, on November 5, 1914, by the British declaration of war against Turkey. In his speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet four nights later, Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, made it clear that, in the new situation, Britain had abandoned her traditional policy of "propping up the Sick Man of Europe" and now included among her war aims the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. In the Cabinet next day, Lloyd George referred to the ultimate destiny of Palestine, and that very evening the president of the Local Government Board—now the nonogenarian philosopher-king, Lord Samuel—had a talk with Lloyd George on the subject and urged on him the need to establish a Jewish State in Palestine. That afternoon he went to see the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, to whom he suggested that "British influence ought to play a considerable part in the formation of a Jewish State, since the geographical situation of Palestine, and especially its proximity to Egypt, would render its good will a matter of importance to the British Empire."

The fact that members of the British Cabinet were talking in this way was com-

* Simon and Schuster, 681 pp., $7.50.

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pletely unknown to the official Zionist organization. After all, the headquarters were still in Berlin, and the leaders can hardly be blamed for announcing a policy of neutrality and giving their full support to the Germans. In the eyes of every Jew, Czarist Russia was the chief enemy; and, since Russia was the enemy of the Germans and the ally of the British, it was natural for European Jewry, including the Zionists, to feel more sympathy with the former than with the latter.

One Zionist alone saw instantaneously and incisively the new opportunity created by Turkey's entry into the war. Even before that, Weizmann had written to Zangwill (in October 1914): "My plans are based naturally on one cardinal assumption, viz. that the Allies will win. . . . I have no doubt in my mind that Palestine will fall into the sphere of England. It will be the Asiatic Belgium, especially if it is developed by the Jews. We could easily move a million Jews into Palestine within the next fifty to sixty years, and England would have an effective barrier [against Russia] and we would have a country." On December 10, 1914, Weizmann met Samuel for the first time, and was amazed to discover that this buttoned-up, assimilated, ambitious Anglo-Jew had discovered a Zionist policy of his own, though he continued to refuse any contact with the Zionists. With Weizmann's encouragement, he circulated a memorandum to the Cabinet, of which the revised and final text was that of January 1915. By now the crude notion of British annexation and of a Jewish State had both been dropped. Instead, the hope was now expressed that "under British rule Jewish immigration, carefully regulated, would be given preference, so that in the course of time the Jewish inhabitants, grown into a majority and settled in the land, may be conceded such degree of self-government as the conditions of that day might justify." All we know for sure about this memorandum is that it evoked the Premier's scorn. "I confess I am not attracted by the proposed addition to our responsibilities," remarked Asquith, "but it is a curious illustration of Disraeli's favourite maxim that 'race is everything' to find this almost lyrical outburst proceeding from the well-ordered and methodical brain of H.S."

Nevertheless the collaboration of Weizmann and Samuel had its effect inside the British Establishment. In no social oligarchy are ideas as much a matter of fashion as in the British. For years a policy remains the monopoly of some eccentric outsider. Then, quite suddenly, it becomes accepted in the Establishment as a whole, enthused over by the *Times* and the *Guardian* and approved over the luncheon table at the Athenaeum, the Reform, and the Travellers' Club. Something of this sort happened to Zionism in the first two years of World War I. Weizmann, never unsusceptible to female charm, was lionized by the hostesses, and his home in Addison Gardens was frequented by the great. On March 20, 1916, Mrs. Weizmann could write in her diary: "Mrs. James de Rothschild has been to dinner at Lady Crewe's, and overheard the conversation between Lord Robert Cecil and Lady Crewe. She asked Cecil what he thought of Zionism, declared that 'we all in this house are Weizmannites' and asked whether the time was ripe to start a campaign."

IT MUST BE UNDERSTOOD that this *succès fou* had nothing to do with the official Zionist organization. The Cabinet were Weizmannites, not Zionists. Nevertheless, it upset the anti-Zionist forces that still securely controlled British Jewry. These forces were led by Lucien Wolf. Wolf was one of those assimilated Jews who regarded Weizmann's concept of Jewish homelessness as rank anti-Semitism. Nevertheless, he realized that, in the United States as well as in Britain, Zionism was gaining ground among the Eastern Jews, and he decided to out-trump the Zionists by submitting a moderate declaration in favor of Jewish colonization in Palestine to Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office.

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Although Asquith still regarded Zionism as crazy nonsense, he encouraged Grey to accept Wolf's draft and telegraph it to the British ambassadors in Paris and Petrograd, with the following significant addition, which shows how far Weizmann's ideas had begun to influence the British Cabinet:

> This formula seems to us unobjectionable. But we consider that the scheme might be made far more attractive to the majority of Jews if it held out to them the prospect that when in course of time the Jewish colonists in Palestine have grown strong enough to cope with the Arab population, they may be allowed to take the management of the internal affairs of Palestine (with the exception of Jerusalem and the Holy Places) into their own hands. . . . Our sole object is to find an arrangement which would be so attractive to the majority of Jews as to enable us to strike a bargain for Jewish support.

This completely cynical proposal lapsed, because the French government was not interested and the Czarist government was, not unnaturally, strenuously opposed to any declaration of this kind.

Weizmann was probably unaware that this telegram had been dispatched. If he had known of it, he would have been appalled at the irresponsibility which inspired it. The truth is that, in March 1916, the moment for such an appeal had not come. On the one hand, world Jewry was still profoundly suspicious of Britain as the ally of Russia and unwilling to give its support to any proposal which might seem to be inspired by British plans for annexing Palestine. On the other hand, the penetration of the British ruling class that Weizmann had achieved was still superficial. Much more hard work would have to be done before he was prepared to urge a British initiative.

So, in the intervals of his chemical work at the Ministry of Munitions, Weizmann settled down to prepare the ground. In the first place, he made his credentials both as a British citizen and as a supporter of the Western cause impeccable by cutting off all contact with the official Zionist headquarters in Berlin. He had come to the conclusion that, whatever the professional Zionists might believe, the Jewish State could only be achieved under British patronage, and he had equally convinced himself that Britain could only consolidate her Middle Eastern position after the break-up of the Ottoman Empire by establishing the Jews north of the Suez Canal. He had, in fact, evolved the concept of the identity of interest between the British and the Jewish peoples which was to inspire his greatest successes—and in the end to break him, when it became clear that the identity of interest had been repudiated by Ernest Bevin.

In the second place, Weizmann had begun to concern himself actively with the position of American Jewry. Here, fortunately, Mr. Justice Brandeis was as convinced as he of the need for an Allied victory in order to achieve a Zionist return to Israel. Nevertheless, Brandeis was forced to warn Weizmann that the vast majority of American Jewry, though increasingly sympathetic to Zionist ideas, were still either suspicious of Britain or, in the case of the German Jews, actively hostile.

III

HERE IT MAY BE WELL to pause in our narrative and ask what it was that made so many British politicians in World War I susceptible to Jewish pressure. One can, I think, trace three motives, represented by three of the most prominent Gentile Zionists of the period—Lloyd George, A. J. Balfour, and Winston Churchill. What inspired Lloyd George was, first and foremost, the belief of a Welsh Nonconformist, brought up on the Bible, that Britain was the right country to liberate Palestine from the Turks and that, under British protection, the Jews of the Bible were the right people to inhabit it. Lloyd George was not a philosophical Zionist but, thanks to his Bible reading, he knew more about Palestine than about any country save his own, and

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his sense that it was Britain's destiny to plant the Jews there grew with his premiership.

A rather different type of Gentile Zionism was represented by Winston Churchill. I doubt whether he was ever deeply influenced by the Bible or by any romantic desire to help small nations. For Churchill, the key question was imperial convenience, and he saw in the support of Jewish claims in Palestine an effective method of limiting French expansion in the Middle East and simultaneously safeguarding the Canal. For Churchill, the essential point was the security of Suez; and the support of Zionism was a convenient moral justification for this imperial requirement to obtain control of Palestine.

A third and very different kind of Gentile Zionism was represented by A. J. Balfour. Mr. Stein appears surprised that Balfour, like so many other staunch supporters of the National Home, revealed strong anti-Semitic tendencies. He seems to have forgotten Weizmann's doctrine that anti-Semitism is endemic in the Gentile world and that the justification of Zionism lies precisely in this fact. It is because the Jews of the Diaspora must always, by definition, remain in danger of homelessness that a Jewish State is a necessity of Jewish survival.

FROM THIS CENTRAL doctrine Weizmann drew one important practical consequence. Instead of being shocked by the fact that many of the Gentiles he dealt with felt strong anti-Semitic prejudices, he assumed that the most reliable support for his cause would be drawn from those Gentiles who were ashamed of their hostility to the Jews and from those Jews who were ashamed of their fear of the *goy*. As far as we know, neither Lloyd George nor Churchill ever worried about anti-Semitism, but Balfour certainly did, and Mr. Stein, in one fascinating passage of his book, reminds us that the famous first meeting between Balfour and Weizmann, during the general election of 1906, originated from the fact that, whereas Churchill's conscience about the Jews was clear, Balfour's was not.

A few years before the election a Conservative government, under Balfour's premiership, had introduced an odious immigration bill, chiefly designed to make difficulties for Jews entering Britain from Eastern Europe. The bill had been opposed by the Liberal opposition, not least by Churchill himself. When the government went to the country, Churchill and Balfour were both fighting seats in Manchester, and Churchill, who had a large Jewish vote in his constituency, was advised to ask Dr. Weizmann to intervene on his behalf. Anxious not to involve himself in British politics, Weizmann refused. Then Balfour's political managers got cold feet and suggested that it might be useful for their candidate to see the Zionist leader in order to reduce Jewish hostility. Because Balfour was Prime Minister, Weizmann agreed, and the famous conversation took place in which, by playing on Balfour's uneasy conscience, Weizmann converted him to a Zionism more altruistic than that of Churchill or Lloyd George. Feeling within himself the emotions from which the pogrom rises, Balfour dedicated himself to removing the cause of anti-Semitism by creating a Jewish State. Whereas his colleagues had to be persuaded that the British Empire would gain from Zionism, Balfour treated the creation of the Jewish State as an end in itself and, indeed, by 1921 was pressing that America, not Britain, should have the mandate.

Weizmann showed himself a maestro in the art of playing on these three species of British Gentile Zionism. Precisely because he was not an assimilated British Jew but an East European who combined his foreignness with a deep sense of loyalty to the country whose passport he had obtained; precisely because he was proud and not subservient; precisely because he wanted to lead the Jews out of the ghetto of finance and back to the wholesome life of the farm, Weizmann appeared to the British ruling

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class not as the kind of "Yid" they disliked but as a representative of the Jew they had learned to admire in their reading of the Bible. There is not another Jewish leader with whom Weizmann can be compared. Only Thomas Masaryk, the founder of Czechoslovakia, revealed the same powers and exerted the same magical attraction upon hard-headed Anglo-Saxon politicians.

IV

In December 1916 the intrigues of Lord Beaverbrook were successful. Asquith was overthrown and a new war coalition was established, with Lloyd George as Premier and a small War Cabinet, soon to be dominated by four leading Gentile Zionists—the Prime Minister himself, Balfour, Milner, and Jan Smuts. Now Weizmann's patience was rewarded: events began to press toward a declaration of British policy in regard to Palestine. The famous top-secret Sykes-Picot agreement for partitioning the Ottoman Empire had now been negotiated, first with the French and then with the Russians, and as soon as the signatures had been set to it the British Foreign Office began to seek methods of invalidating it—in particular, by keeping the French out of Palestine. What more useful excuse for Britain to go back on her secret agreement with France than the insistence of world Jewry that Britain and Britain alone could look after their interests in the Holy Land? In the second place, as a result of the collapse of the Czarist regime, the War Cabinet was obsessed by the need for keeping Russia in the war. To this end it seemed essential to counteract the ascendancy that the Russian left—Social Democrats, Mensheviks, and Bolsheviks—had achieved over the masses and, in particular, over the Jews. Could not a promised return to Zion under British patronage turn Russian Jewry into opponents of Menshevism and Bolshevism? That, at least, was the belief of the *Times'* Foreign Editor, Wickham Steed. Though Kerensky had to complain of the *Times'* anti-Semitic outbursts, Wickham Steed was soon giving his full support to Zionism, on the ground that "Herzl's ideas might exert a regenerating influence upon the Jewish intellectuals and serve as a counterpoise to the revolutionary elements in Jewry."

The final factor that transformed the situation was the American declaration of war. In April 1917 Balfour, as Foreign Secretary, visited Washington and had long talks with Brandeis, whom he regarded as the most notable American and the most wholesome influence on the President. Now that America was an ally and Czarism had collapsed, suspicions of Britain had markedly declined. But, despite Brandeis's influence, it was still not possible to win American Jewry to the idea of a British protectorate in Palestine. And these hesitations were greatly strengthened by the fact that, though the United States was at war with Germany, Wilson had maintained its neutrality toward Turkey and therefore could not be concerned in any plans for dividing up the Ottoman Empire.

But it was in Britain that Weizmann found his toughest opposition. Despite the recent incursion of Eastern Jews, British Jewry was still a small community, dominated by a rich oligarchy of distinguished and implacable anti-Zionists. On May 24, 1917, the anti-Zionists decided to take the initiative and declared war on Zionism in the columns of the *Times*. Despite all Weizmann's work, the battle was closely contested and the Board of Deputies only disowned the anti-Zionists by 56 votes to 51. Moreover, this victory was rapidly followed by a reverse, when a leading assimilated Jew, Edwin Montagu, whose slogan it was that he had been striving all his life to escape from the ghetto, joined Lloyd George's Cabinet.

Nevertheless, the decision could no longer be delayed. By now Weizmann had won the support of three brilliant young men with key positions in the Cabinet

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offices—Sir Mark Sykes, negotiator of the Sykes-Picot agreement, Harold Nicolson, and L. S. Amery. After consultation with them, it was decided to submit a draft declaration to the Cabinet on September 3.

And now there occurred one of those curious contretemps that so often disturb democratic proceedings. Neither Lloyd George nor Balfour could attend the meeting and, as a result, Edwin Montagu was able to deliver a passionate indictment of Zionism as a surrender to anti-Semitism and a successful plea that nothing more should be heard of the proposal until President Wilson's advice had been asked.

It was a typical delaying tactic, and it succeeded. On September 11, Colonel House replied in a curt telegram, stating that "Wilson had been approached as requested and had expressed the opinion that the time was not opportune for any definite statement further perhaps than one of sympathy, provided it could be made without conveying any real commitment." Apparently the President had acted without consulting Brandeis. At once Weizmann set all the wheels in motion and by September 23 Brandeis could wire Weizmann: "From talks I have had with the President and from expressions of opinion given to closest advisers I feel that I can answer that he is in entire sympathy with declaration quoted in yours of 19th." Mr. Truman was not the first occupant of the White House to find himself confused by contradictory advice on the Jewish question! In 1917 the State Department was already resolutely anti-Zionist and it was only Brandeis's influence inside the White House that saved the day.

Even so, the draft declaration had fallen out of the Cabinet agenda and could not be put back except by the Premier's express decision. On September 28, C. P. Scott, Editor of the *Manchester Guardian,* and Weizmann had breakfast with Lloyd George and achieved their purpose. By this time Edwin Montagu was on his way to India, but he had succeeded in his main purpose. The straightforward acceptance of the principle of a National Home in Palestine, which was the essence of the first draft, was now hedged round by the limitations which caused all the trouble about the Mandate. The first draft had run: "His Majesty's Government accepts the principle that every opportunity should be afforded for the establishment of a home for the Jewish people in Palestine." The draft of October 4 merely states that H.M.G. "views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home," and then goes on to add, "it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country who are fully contented with their existing nationality." This new draft, it was now agreed, should be submitted to eight leading British Jews, including the Chief Rabbi, and resubmitted to President Wilson. This was duly done and on October 30 came the final Cabinet meeting.

As so often happens, the great occasion was a sad anti-climax. No one bothered to discuss the larger aspects of the Zionist question or the long-term advantages of a British association with the National Home. Balfour, who introduced the topic, concentrated entirely on the propaganda advantages of issuing the Declaration at once, arguing that it would win support among the Jews in America, as well as rallying the Jews in Russia against the Bolsheviks. Apart from the discussion of some minor amendments, there was no debate, and it was decided, for no clear reason, to issue the Declaration in the form of a letter to Lord Rothschild, although he held no office in the Zionist Federation.

V

So, on November 9, the Declaration was finally given to the press. It received little notice because the main news of the day was the entry of the British Army into Gaza and the beginning of the Bolshevik coup d'état in Russia.

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Indeed, the ironic feature of the Balfour Declaration is that, from the very moment of its adoption by the British government, it ceased to be of any service to British imperial interests. The seizure of power by the Bolsheviks finally destroyed the fantastic illusion that the Russian Jews could be persuaded to keep their country at war in defiance of the Revolution. Moreover, the beginning of the British occupation of Palestine meant that it was unnecessary any longer to use Zionism in order to keep the French out of the Middle East. Even the argument that the Declaration was necessary to prevent the German government from issuing its own pro-Zionist policy was found to have little validity. Though there were a few people in the German Foreign Office who would have liked a policy of this kind, the need to prop up an unstable Turkish regime made it completely impracticable. For the time being the Declaration seemed to have been stillborn and its opponents in the United States were successful in preventing President Wilson from giving it any support.

Mr. Stein's investigations have conclusively shown that, if the Declaration had not been passed on October 30, the British Cabinet would never have adopted it, since the reasons of state and the propaganda advantages which the British expected to derive from it had all been invalidated within three weeks of its proclamation. Throughout, indeed, one is struck by the regularity with which the British Foreign Office gave the wrong advice, advocated the Declaration for the wrong reasons of imperial utility, and never once warned the government that the Arabs might prove an obstacle to its achievement. One is also impressed by the minor role that public opinion was allowed to play in Britain as well as in America. Britain was still an oligarchy and in World War I power was concentrated in very few hands. It was the supreme achievement of Weizmann to avoid wasting time on influencing a public opinion that was completely ineffective. He concentrated his attention on the few score personalities who really mattered, showed patience when the time was not ripe, and exerted extreme and ultimately successful pressure when he felt that the opportunity was slipping away. The Jewish tradition that the Balfour Declaration was the product of a single man's diplomatic skill is no exaggeration.

But, almost as soon as it had been made, the Declaration became an embarrassment to the British, who began the attempt to wriggle out of it. Within a matter of weeks Balfour was arguing that Britain should persuade the United States to take over the Mandate—a view in which he persisted to the end, while General Allenby in Palestine was suppressing the text, in the interests of placating the Arabs, and seeking to get the policy reversed. Only Lloyd George and, to a lesser extent, Winston Churchill persisted in the belief that British imperial interests would be sustained by the establishment of a Jewish nation to the north of the Suez Canal. And even they, in 1922, were compelled by the rising tide of Arab nationalism to whittle the commitment down. By the middle of the 1930's, when the victims of Hitler's persecution were pouring into Palestine, and the Arabs were in armed revolt, it had become clear that the Balfour Declaration could only be fulfilled at the cost of jeopardizing Britain's Middle Eastern empire and imperiling the huge new oil interests along the Persian Gulf that had only emerged after Britain's acceptance of the Palestine Mandate. Alas for Chaim Weizmann! The identity of interest between the British Empire and the Jewish State, on which he had pinned his faith, had broken down. The State of Israel would have to be created not under the protection of Britain but in a war of independence against her.

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HARRIS DIENSTFREY

THE NEW AMERICAN CINEMA

The intention of the makers of this film was to create a situation whereby one might comply with James Agee's tender request: "The films I most eagerly look forward to will not be documentaries but works of pure fiction, played against and into, and in collaboration with unrehearsed and uninvented reality."

—Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie,
makers of *Pull My Daisy*, a movie.

THERE IS AN independent film movement in the United States today, and it goes by the name of the "New American Cinema." The title is the invention of the movement's prime publicist, Jonas Mekas, a movie critic, the editor of his own occasional journal (*Film Culture*), and himself one of the new film makers. The movies his designation refers to are a growing number of important and exciting documentaries, shorts, and features being made outside the aesthetic and monetary confines of Hollywood. The "New American Cinema," in essence, is something in the way of a spontaneous cultural phenomenon.

The new films are usually financed with personal funds or on a syndicate basis (as plays are). As a result, most of the pictures have been produced with an absolute minimum of equipment. "Suffice to say," explained Peter Kass, who directed the most remarkable of the new films, *Time of the Heathens*, "I do now believe in miracles." Because union requirements can more than double their cost, these minimally budgeted films have generally been made without union labor. It is partly for this reason—and partly for others: none of the new pictures have stars, some have "provocative" content, several employ unusual techniques, and so forth—that their exhibition within the United States has been extremely limited.* To stimulate interest, the new directors depend upon getting their films shown at the various international film festivals. It was in this way, for example, that John Cassavetes' *Shadows*, the best-known though not the best of the new films, was picked up by a British distributor, became a popular success in England, and finally, some two years after the movie was made, received general exhibition in the United States.

Unfortunately, no film publication (or any other source) has maintained a listing of the new pictures. At a rough estimate, there are twenty-five to thirty of them, with fifteen to twenty more in various stages of completion—not to count, in both instances, the masterpiece or two

HARRIS DIENSTFREY, until recently an associate editor of COMMENTARY, is at work on a book dealing with the American film. His critical review of "Judgment at Nuremberg" appeared in our issue of last January, and his essay on Ingmar Bergman, published in our November 1961 number, was much discussed.

* In New York City, most of the movies get shown at a few "art" theaters or at screenings arranged by the film makers or their friends; and more often than anywhere else, they are shown at the large New York film society, Cinema 16.

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that may be now sitting on someone's kitchen table.

Until the past few years, independent film activity in the United States largely concentrated on movies which were both symbolist in technique and Freudian in content. Often these experimental films were marred by narcissism and a coterie snobbishness. To all this, the New American Cinema is in striking contrast —with techniques that are hyper-naturalistic and subjects that tend to be the most public troubles of contemporary America.

EXACTLY WHERE the New American Cinema began is difficult to say, but probably its foremost pioneer is Morris Engel, whose first picture, *The Little Fugitive,* was completed in 1953. Two others have followed: *Lovers and Lollipops* in 1957, and, just last year, *Weddings and Babies*. Engel's pictures are prominently set in New York City. Their almost plotless stories deal with ordinary people whose life-style places them somewhere between the middle and the lower classes. None of the films is very exciting, and none probes very far beneath the surface of its characters. Yet the total effect Engel achieves is somewhere between the semi-fictional documentary and the planned home movie.

The films' settings, indoors and out, are as authentic as the igloos in Flaherty's famous documentary, and as authentically photographed. More, Engel mixes nonprofessional and professional actors, with the result that the over-all acting has the unmannered, natural quality of the best child actors—like Jean-Pierre Léaud, the boy in François Truffaut's *The 400 Blows.* (The example is not fortuitous: despite the fact that Engel is so little known in the United States, Truffaut has dubbed him one of the "fathers" of the "new wave.") Engel's deliberately undramatic stories become an integral part of the actuality which surrounds them. He is not the first director to wed documentary and fictional reality. But he is the first to do so using distinctly urban and American materials.

Engel's style is the style essentially of all the new film makers, and the "catch-reality-in-the-process" techniques that distinguish his films distinguish those of the New American Cinema. Several of the new pictures even use scripts blocked out by scenes rather than detailed to the last line of dialogue. Part of the result, obviously, is a kind of artlessness which generally sets these films apart from most Hollywood movies. A typical difference is seen by comparing the Central Park that turns up in *Shadows* with the manicured, freshly planted Central Park photographed in Blake Edwards's Hollywood production of *Breakfast at Tiffany's.* Such differences add up to a fundamental contrast, of course. What it amounts to, loosely put, is that the new films provide no chalk marks telling an actor where to stand. The pictures use their cameras to record as natural a line of action as possible. The techniques in the new films are employed for the sake of hard reality, not the other way around.

And here there is a slight but important difference between Engel's pictures and the other films of the New American Cinema. (I hope it is clear, this difference notwithstanding, that Engel is plainly a part of the movement.) Most of the films have captured something more complex than Engel's essentially visual naturalism. The closest literary parallel that comes to mind for them is James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,* which, like the films, bursts with too much subtly delineated reality to be flatly naturalistic. Gestures, movements, shapes, textures, tones cram the pictures, creating rich, fluid images of life.

There is also a second, and more basic, difference between Engel and the other new film makers. Engel takes society for granted; his films, like his characters, seem completely unaware of it as a problem. In the other films of the New American Cinema, however, society hovers like some

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malevolent ghost that must be exorcised. It is the object of the bitterest concern. The fact is, in short, that these are films—as Engel's are not—from the underground.

The social order that looms up in the new pictures, however briefly, is always ominous. In John Cassavetes' *Shadows,* the main characters are two brothers and a sister, growing up and living in New York City. They also happen to be Negroes, though the film makes little point of it. The older brother is a singer who finds himself playing the cheapest night clubs; the younger one is a beat, and he and his sister can pass for white. The freshness of *Shadows* comes from its lively portrayal of these people moving about within the authentic life of the city. Yet the movie often becomes too self-conscious of its plot, and undercuts itself.

Even so, there is a nice sense in *Shadows,* established without any big effects, that the main characters operate within the interstices of the larger white, middle-class society. Toward the close of the film, the emotional bond between the brothers and sister becomes most apparent when a white boy, the sister's first lover, realizes she is Negro and makes clear to her and her older brother that he does not intend to see her again. Abruptly and even quite naturally, the interstices briefly snap shut. Soon, though, the main characters are back to their normal life—the girl finds another boyfriend, the beat brother decides to go "straight"—and their growing up continues.

In Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie's half-hour frolic, *Pull My Daisy,* the tone is a good deal sharper, even though the boozy atmosphere of the film is simultaneously more tender and boisterous. With an ad-libbed narration by Jack Kerouac to take the place of dialogue, *Pull My Daisy* belongs to the grand tradition of *épater les bourgeois.*

"Early morning in the universe," Kerouac begins. "The wife is getting up, opening up the windows, in this loft that's in the bowrey in the lower east side, new york."* Two beat poets—played by Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso (friends in real life, both poets, and both members of the beat pantheon)—drop in to visit their friend, Milo (played by the artist Larry Rivers), a railroad man. He is still at work, but his wife is busily preparing for a visit from a street-corner bishop. The poets horse around, compose wacky poems, smoke marijuana, engage in maniacal Socratic-like exchanges. When Milo comes home, he brings another beat friend (Peter Orlovsky). The bishop arrives soon after, bringing with him his corseted mother and his spinster-cold sister. The poets are higher than ever, giggling, happy, friendly. More of Milo's friends arrive. The poets begin to ask the bishop questions: "Is ignorance rippling up above the silver ladder of sherifian doves?" "Is alligators holy, bishop?" Bewildered, he leaves with his entourage. Milo's wife, crying, throws everyone out—the poets, Milo, and all his friends. It means nothing to them. They bounce downstairs, lively saints of the natural man, natural adversaries of middle-class life. "Let's go," Kerouac says. " 'sgo. 'sgo. . . . Off they go."

THIS EXUBERANCE can be found in almost every one of the new pictures, for their emphasis is not so much on the Goliath of society as on the Davids who are willing to take society on. The New American Cinema has real heroes—or something very close to them.

They are present even in the documentaries. Dan Drasin's sixteen-minute short, *Sunday,* covers a rally of folk singers gathered in Washington Square Park to protest a park commissioner's decision to close off the Square for Sunday song fests. Drasin was eighteen when he made this energetic, good-humored film in 1961. "It was not shot objectively," he has written. "I even found myself singing along with the kids and being attacked by the police at the same time."

* The text of *Pull My Daisy* has been published by Grove Press as an Evergreen paperback.

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As the film catches the growing tension between the folk singers and the police, *Sunday's* sound track supplies random comments from the milling crowd. "They just want to kill the Village." "It's all a plot of the real estate interests." When the protesters start to sing and march about the Square, a voice explains: "Gandhi was always a big influence." Then the rally explodes, and additional police pour into the crowd. There are several small incidents of physical violence, mainly some rough pushing and manhandling. And at this point in *Sunday,* the protesters are suddenly transformed. Together on one side of the emotional barricades, they become the film's hero. And opposite them is the State and Bureaucracy gone berserk.

Order is restored, and the police ring the silent area in which most of the commotion occurred. A very young child circles around inside the empty space, propelling himself with an uncertain walk. The camera zooms in to read the sign hanging on his back: "I want to sing too."

In Lionel Rogosin's *Come Back, Africa,* one of the most brilliant of the new films, the subject matter is intrinsically more serious and tragic, the hero intrinsically more complex. Rogosin made the picture in South Africa, telling the government there he intended to film a musical. His real object was to make a documentary "concerned essentially with human conditions as they exist in the Union of South Africa under the ruthless policy of the present regime." He had to smuggle out the daily takes.

Come Back, Africa uses all the techniques of the New American Cinema—nonprofessional actors, a script blocked out only by scenes, and so forth—and alone presents justification enough for any of them. The film ends when Zachariah, a Zulu tribesman working in Johannesburg, returns to his single room home in the African section of the city. He has spent a night in jail for having been found asleep with his wife in the servants' quarters which belonged to her white employers. He returns to find his wife dead—killed, the audience knows, by another African.

Rogosin has explained how he located the man picked to play Zachariah:

> I was convinced that I had to cast the hero by concentrating on faces, letting them pass before me by the hundreds until the single "perfect" one would somehow turn up and I would somehow recognize him. . . . I went on a search of Africans lined up at the bus queues. . . . I went . . . to the railroad station. . . . Then suddenly, as if out of nowhere, I saw the face of the man I wanted. . . . The man we later got to know as Zachariah . . . was certain we were the police.

Thus, in a sense, "Zachariah" brought his whole life to the role in *Come Back, Africa.*

Wailing and helplessly pounding a rickety wooden table in terror and outrage at the death of his wife, Zachariah conveys more than "human conditions as they exist in the Union of South Africa." But his response speaks of them, too, and very clearly. This last scene touches a moment of the profoundest despair and frustration, yet there is something strangely triumphant in the complex image it presents. For Rogosin recognizes—he says it explicitly in his remarks above—that Zachariah is a hero. And in this last scene is the clear portent of a caged human will about to burst free.

FOR ALL THE generally liberal or radical orientation of the New American Cinema, few of the pictures concern themselves with politics directly. One that does is a documentary by Michael and Philip Burton, *Wasn't That a Time,* which deals with three people who chose to be uncooperative when called by the House Un-American Activities Committee to testify about their political associations. Intellectually, the film is not very persuasive: one cannot make a case against the Committee by simply accepting at face value the comments of the uncooperative. It is typical of the new films, though, that *Wasn't That a Time* cares less about any political statement than it does about the

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several people whose liberties and freedom seem to have been restrained by a governmental agency. Using an unobtrusive and mobile camera, the film mainly shows its subjects in the intimacy of their family. (The directors have written that no scene was re-shot.) *Wasn't That a Time,* like *Sunday,* needs no narration. Since both films are about people, they tell themselves.

The politics of anarchy run under the surface of practically all the new films, but they become explicit in only one, Jonas Mekas' thoroughly apocalyptic *Guns of the Trees.* And in this case they become explicit with a vengeance. The most experimental of the new films, *Guns of the Trees* is put together on intuition rather than logic. To explain why a twenty-two-year-old girl intellectual committed suicide, its story contrasts two couples: the girl and her morose intellectual companion, and two beats (delightfully played by Ben Carruthers, the young brother in *Shadows,* and Argus Speare Juilliard) who are soon to have a baby. Surrounding these episodes are some scenes of mass protests (including one or two quick takes from *Sunday*), brief shots of urban America (junk yards and freeways), and several not entirely intelligible symbolic interludes. A variety of air raid sirens blare from the sound track, and occasionally, the screen just goes white. Sporadically—at times across the white "blanks"—Allen Ginsberg reads his poetry. Violently condemning all governments and celebrating poets and all other free men, he creates some of the picture's best moments.

There is a large amount of foolishness in *Guns of the Trees,* as one might imagine, most notably the "poetic" sequences and the contrived characterization of the intellectuals. Yet the film has an overriding power, a generalized political anger which it expresses with a compelling mixture of honesty, humor, and violence. Ginsberg, for example, concludes a satiric, jazz-rhythmed catalogue of many of 20th-century America's sins against life with a sudden shift that effectively catches all the explosive scorn of the film: "I dreamed J. Edgar Hoover groped me in a long dark corridor in the capital." The politics of *Guns of the Trees,* as of the New American Cinema in general, represents the politics of the nonpolitical. Its "argument" amounts to little more than anti-*them* and pro-*us,* the "us" being people and the "them" being everything else. But the emotion that the film puts behind this argument carries a great deal of meaning. "Chessman is killed in the gas chamber," Carruthers angrily blurts out in dismay as he watches what will probably be (he says) the last rain pure of strontium-90. "A missile head goes off in *New Jersey*! Eighty per cent of our national budget is spent for armaments! And Nixon is running for president. *Nixon!*" It is an absurd speech, of course, but a poignant one, expressing the bewilderment and sporadic outrage of an individual who finds himself living in a world where politics has gone mad—but where politics will not let him be.

WHAT APPEARS MUCH more often than politics in the new pictures are two other concerns. The first, and most common, Negro-white relations, no doubt symbolizes for the film makers (as politics does not) the barriers that stand in the way of direct personal freedom. One picture, Edward Bland's documentary short, *Cry of Jazz,* treats the issue as a social problem, but from a rather unique perspective. The movie argues that white society is corrupt and decadent, and that Negro society is vital and dynamic. By far the most tendentious of the new pictures (and the dullest), *Cry of Jazz* is mainly interesting for what it reveals about a group of American Negro intellectuals.

The other films of the New American Cinema have their say about Negro-white relations usually by overlooking them. In *Guns of the Trees,* for example, the beat couple is interracial, but as far as the action of the picture is concerned, the girl might as well have been white—which, by

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implication, is exactly what *Guns of the Trees* means to say.

The second of these recurring concerns cannot be understood quite so easily; it is an interest in religion and personal salvation. In part, of course, the interest is a carry-over from beat writers like Ginsberg, Kerouac, Corso, and Snyder, whose quasi-religious quests ended in Zen Buddhism, or visions in Brooklyn. "Is alligators holy, bishop?"—Kerouac has the poets ask in Frank and Leslie's *Pull My Daisy*. "Is all the white moonlight holy? . . . Come on, bishop, tell us . . . What is holy? . . . Is holy holy?" The bishop's answer, which might be thought of as a moderately inadequate Zen reply, is not very satisfactory: "I think it's best that I go now and make my holy offices."

Frank's second film, a mordant fantasy from a short story by Isaac Babel, takes its theological bent more seriously. *The Sin of Jesus* is a parable of dead-end pessimism. One feels the hand of the director working in it too often—putting rust on the door hinges, or collecting the character's torn and wretched clothing. Still, the intent of the picture is clear. A pregnant woman (played by Julie Bovasso) has been deserted by her lover on a bleak and isolated egg farm. As recompense, Jesus allows her to wed a young angel, the sole condition being that she must remove his wings before he goes to bed, or the wings will break and the angel die. Drunk with happiness after their fantasy wedding feast, the woman forgets, and she pulls the angel to bed to make love. In the morning, she finds herself alone again. Jesus, who sees that her life now is as empty as the farm on which she lives, returns to ask the woman's forgiveness. But she has no forgiveness left.

It is hard to know how much to make of this religious turn. In *Guns of the Trees,* the intellectuals repeatedly examine man and his future with—of all people—a monk unsure of his faith. In *Time of the Heathens,* the apparently simple-minded main character carries a Bible, and the dominant concern of the movie is defined by his two recitations of a passage from Isaiah (which also gives the film its title). But for all these pictures, it would seem as if only the appearance of some religious presentment has the capacity to suggest the full disaffection of contemporary man. As if only such a reference can signify how uncasily he and his world truly stand.

I HAVE HAD to slight several pictures in this overview, and there are others I have not mentioned at all: Ron Rice's *The Flower Thief,* Ricky Leacock's impressive "newsreel"-documentary, *Primary,* Bert Stern's *Jazz on a Summer's Day,* Shirley Clarke's *The Connection* (banned for the time being in New York), Lionel Rogosin's first film, *On the Bowery* —and the cartoons and short films of Ernest Pintoff and Stan Vanderbeek. Yet by way of ending this survey, I want to return to a film that I have mentioned several times already, Peter Kass and Ed Emshwiller's *Time of the Heathens.* More like a straightforward, "old-fashioned" movie than most of the new films (relatively speaking), *Time of the Heathens* manages to touch almost all their basic concerns. Its major defect, in fact, is that it tries for too much; it encompasses too much plot and has too many themes. One essential feature prevents the film from falling to pieces, and at the same time helps create its power: its unswerving focus on the moral agony of one man.

Time of the Heathens is a film about modern violence. Its protagonist, unbalanced by a wartime experience, has fallen from the world of other men into a world of his own private torment. The man's face wears the stunned look of someone who has caused or witnessed an inhumanity so gross that neither his mind nor his emotions could absorb it. Brilliantly played by John Heffernan, he is a stranger everywhere, and as *Time of the Heathens* opens, he is wandering through the rural countryside of the South. There are two strands

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in the movie's development: the man's gradual reconstruction of the event that castrated his feeling and made him simple; and the concomitant growth of mutual love between him and a mute, eight-year-old Negro boy. The great achievement of *Time of the Heathens* is that while it stays close to actual experience and refuses to make symbolic counters of its characters, it also gives witness to a world that has been unbalanced by thirty years of cumulative violence.

Forced to flee through the countryside because of an accidental murder they did not commit, the man and the boy come upon one of those caved-in single-room shacks that seem almost to sprout like weeds. Its windows are smashed, and one wall is completely demolished. In a scene of poignance and terror, the man rests in the shack, his hands and feet awkward and seemingly oversized, while the boy watches and waits. The man slowly remembers pieces of his past—a hospital, a psychiatrist, a cage—and his memory takes a leap backward to his father. With muted recognition, he says aloud: "My father wept when a window was broken." And with this awesome conceit—that there was a time when a broken window could pain a man to tears—*Time of the Heathens* evokes the whole horror of the nuclear age. The resonance that flows from the screen is not so much a matter of having come so far, or of the distance a single generation has traveled; it is a matter of how life, after all, might be lived.

Later the man is shot, and the film depicts his delirium in a truly remarkable sequence by Ed Emshwiller. Everything becomes insane now. The movie's black-and-white gives way to garish, livid technicolor; the straightforward images to surrealistic juxtapositions, to drawings, maps, superimpositions. What the man finally brings himself to recall is the fact of Hiroshima. It never becomes clear whether he specifically helped pilot the first atom bomb (though one knows he was in the air force), but the issue is not important. To this lacerated man, the violence and the misery which the bomb caused are sufficient unto themselves. By raising their specter, *Time of the Heathens* does not mean to evoke guilt. Instead, through the anguish of its main character, it succeeds in giving to the bomb and its effects a fully human significance and the reality not of a nightmare but of life.

At the end of the film, the stranger and the boy, parting, begin to weep. Their tears rise up from somewhere below ordinary human anguish and fear. In this painful release, the man returns to the world that had shattered him. With this renewal, *Time of the Heathens* illuminates the humane conviction from which all the films of the New American Cinema draw so much of their strength: the proud belief that though society may have failed, life and men have not.

As one might expect, there are any number of resemblances between the New American Cinema and France's new wave. They share, as I have indicated, certain cinematic forebears; they have many stylistic techniques in common; and both are the expression of individuals who have experienced some of the same rootlessness and revolt.

The American films are vastly different in many ways, of course. For one thing, their energetic optimism seems quite alien to pictures such as *The Lovers, Frantic, Breathless, The Cousins, Hiroshima, Mon Amour,* and *Leda*. The most basic difference, though, pertains to subject matter and perspective. The focus in almost every American film is on concrete social and political situations. In contrast to this, the pictures of the new wave dramatize abstract, primarily cultural situations. In *The Lovers,* for example, the issue is apathy and the death of love among the leisured upper classes; in *Breathless,* it is the nihilistic affectlessness of modern youth. The shorthand way of putting this is: the subject of the New American Cinema is usually America; the subject

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of the new wave is usually the whole Western world.

A great deal about the milieu of the French films is revealed as soon as one points to their fascination with other films —and mainly, it so happens, with American ones. Jean-Luc Goddard's *Breathless* might almost be a home movie spliced together out of every Humphrey Bogart picture ever made. Among other things, the film satirizes and pays homage to the distinctly American genre of gangster movies. Goddard's newest movie, *Une femme est une femme* (not released yet in the United States), according to Cynthia Grenier (in *Film Quarterly*), "pays a long, detailed, and sometimes quite entertaining tribute to Stanley Donen and Vincente Minnelli," two American musical comedy directors. Again, Louis Malle's *Zazie* is shot through with scenes based on American silent comedies, while Claude Chabrol's *Leda* is that director's conception of an Alfred Hitchcock picture (the pinwheel spinning under *Leda*'s titles spun under the titles of *Vertigo*).

Only one film of the New American Cinema takes the time to tip its camera to indicate "influences" of this sort, Barry K. Brown's exercise-as-short, *A Sky Full of People*. In it, a teen-age couple gingerly explore sex atop the roof of a New York apartment. Heavily influenced by the new wave in its lighting and camera work—and even its subject matter—the picture opens with a shot of a movie marquee carrying, like a heraldic banner, the title *Breathless,* which the couple has just seen. Brown's short thus has the distinction of portraying the New American Cinema's only two movie-goers.

BUT THESE DIFFERENCES and similarities to one side, the most important item to note about the new wave is that, in a very short time, and rather unexpectedly, it significantly affected French film making. The point is not to be made by analogy, but so, similarly, may the New American Cinema come to affect Hollywood, and perhaps sooner than might be supposed.

The American movie industry, which once was such a colossus, has been fragmented by a combination of economics, television, and a changed audience. Production has fallen drastically, and independent companies have become as typical as "adult" movies. Last year, in fact, it was two Hollywood independents who made *The Hustler* and *The Guns of Navarone,* each of which has come to symbolize one of the two types of films which now seem most viable under changing conditions: the relatively low-budget, seriously intended movie which usually has an urban setting, and the blockbuster spectacle which may have a contemporary background but is mainly a Herculean-size Western for all the world to see.

Several thin skeins already serve to connect Hollywood with the New American Cinema. A minor example is Paramount's hiring of John Cassavetes on the basis of *Shadows*. The single movie Cassavetes directed for the studio, *Too Late Blues* (which neatly displays the style of the New American Cinema side by side with what might be called "standard Orson Welles") has been released as a co-feature on the neighborhood circuits. Cassavetes is now working for Stanley Kramer, directing a film about retarded children.

The most relevant thread, though, is to be found in the work of several of Hollywood's newest and youngest independents. I am thinking, in particular, of Denis and Terry Sanders and of Irvin Kershner, whose films are very similar to those of the New American Cinema.

In 1954, while the Sanders brothers were still students, they made a quiet, effective short, *A Time Out of War,* which dealt with an afternoon "break" arranged by two Yankees and a rebel at some very minor outpost of the Civil War; the film, quite deservedly, has received international fame. The first Hollywood feature of the two brothers, *Crime and Punishment, U.S.A.,* tried to transfer events

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which originated in dark and muted St. Petersburg to the frenetic, sun-charged atmosphere of California. The attempt may have been impossible to begin with. But however much the picture was bound up in the knots of its story, it tried hard to be honest about its real subject—American youth. The latest film of the two brothers, *War Hunt,* has just been released, and it comes very close to being a remarkable picture. Taking place in Korea during the last days before the cease-fire, it is two films in one, really, and the trouble is that the halves don't quite cohere. But each creates its own frightening reality: the portrayal of a soldier's introduction to the life of war, and the macabre story of another soldier who every night blackens his face and goes out alone to kill the enemy.

Irvin Kershner's career has been somewhat different. The director of several exciting crime films (*Stake-Out on Dope Street, The Young Captives*), he seems only recently to have had the opportunity to work with more personal material. Last year, with an intelligence and tenderness that matched his verve, he directed *The Hoodlum Priest,* a film based on slightly fictionalized fact. The story concerned the St. Louis Catholic priest who built a home (Dismas House) where delinquents and criminals coming out of prison might stay while easing themselves by stages back into society. (Different news items have reported that Kershner now holds an option on Isaac Bashevis Singer's novel, *The Magician of Lublin,* and also that he is working on a screenplay, again to be based on fact, about an analyst's unique treatment of schizophrenics.)

IT IS VALUABLE to compare *The Hoodlum Priest* with *Breathless.* Both films are about young men whose criminality is meant to be an act of defiance against society; and in both films, society kills the men (by significantly different means): in *Breathless,* with a policeman's bullet in the back; in *The Hoodlum Priest,* with the electric chair. These films rehearse between themselves all the differences that distinguish the New American Cinema from France's new wave. What *Breathless* offers is a symbol—a man fathered by images of Humphrey Bogart in the dark womb of movie theaters; and the symbol represents an ambiance, the bottomless cynicism and sentimentality of the youth of the Western world. *The Hoodlum Priest* offers a boy, a pained and suffering delinquent, who commits murder not out of coolness but in rage and bewilderment. In *Breathless,* the conditions of modern life, assumed and accepted, shapeless and impalpable, engulf everyone. In *The Hoodlum Priest,* they become social institutions against which individuals struggle. Thus, in a brief sequence, a lone opponent of capital punishment pickets the governor's mansion, and when a friendly guard explains to him he cannot change the world, the man replies he only hopes to prevent the world from changing *him.*

There are other Hollywood independents who might be mentioned along with Kershner and the Sanders brothers: Jerome Hill (*The Sand Castle*), Alexander Singer (*A Cold Wind in August*), Curtis Harrington (*Night Tide*—for many years Harrington was considered one of the most talented of the experimentalists). The fact remains, of course—two directors or five (or ten)—that Hollywood is far from being an outpost of the New American Cinema. The Sanders brothers wanted to film *The Cool World,* Warren Miller's excellent novel about a Harlem gang; but they could not get any major distribution or financing for the picture "because it is all about Negroes, and everybody thinks we've had it with gangs." Shirley Clarke is now filming *The Cool World* in New York, financing it like a play, just as she did with her first film, *The Connection.*

The distance between Hollywood and the New American Cinema primarily exists because the latter, commercially speaking, is hardly more than a shadow. But there can be little doubt that it will

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soon take on solidity. The new films are being shown, and are winning recognition and awards at festivals throughout Europe. *Time of the Heathens* won the $5,000 Grand Prix Bergamo International Film Festival, and has been picked up for general release by the British company which distributed *Shadows*. Last year at Gian Carlo Menotti's Festival of Two Worlds, a special program was devoted to screening the new American films. More recently, *Sunday* shared first prize at Germany's Oberhausen International Short Film Festival; previously it had won first prize at a similar festival in France. It is inevitable that the new films will soon find the public screenings they deserve, if not through the talent and energy that created them, then through the international acclaim they are now receiving.

What of Hollywood and the New American Cinema then? One can only speculate. Each might take from the other what is weakest and most superficial. But in the best of all possible worlds, the outcome would be something new and vital. The great triumph of the American film so far has been the creation of enormously plastic and fruitful genres. The future of the New American Cinema, in contrast, will most obviously depend upon the growth of individual film makers (the phrase to describe this kind of movement is "a director's cinema"). Who can say, then, what exciting inventions might flow from genres and directors together? Between these two extremes, needless to add, stretches a wide middle ground; and beyond them, another set of possibilities.

MEANWHILE, the New American Cinema will continue to grow. Indeed, there are hints that it may be part of a larger cultural development. For example, why do so many young men and women choose to make a movie when they can get paper and pencil so much less expensively? Mekas' *Guns of the Trees* cost $10,000, which is bargain basement, rock bottom for the new film makers. *Pull My Daisy* cost $15,000, as did *Shadows*; and part of the sum for Cassavetes' film was collected from the audience of a New York "underground" radio program. *Time of the Heathens* cost something over $20,000, *The Connection* something under $100,000.

The age of several of the movie makers is also suggestive: Barry K. Brown is twenty-seven, but he has been making films commercially for six years; Michael and Philip Burton, who made at least one film before *Wasn't That a Time,* are twenty-three and twenty-six respectively; Dan Drasin is now all of nineteen. Even many of the latest little magazines, enthusiastically insulting the accepted and violently championing the new, turn out these days to be film magazines: *Film Culture, The New York Film Bulletin, Filmwise*. Behind these films seems to be the sound of a new generation.

But these speculations should not be allowed to detract from the films themselves. I know that not every film of the New American Cinema is a "good film." Yet there is not one of them which did not intrigue or absorb me. With regard to many, it is as if they represent some weird boiling point in the cold war—of our psyches no less than of our politics—and the exciting result is there to be seen in movies like *Sunday* or *Come Back, Africa* or *Guns of the Trees* or *Time of the Heathens*. Nor do I doubt that *Sunday* and *Pull My Daisy,* as minor in their way as they are, and that *Come Back, Africa* are as good as any films being made today; and, further, that *Time of the Heathens* has as much to say about the condition of modern man as any movie I know. But such specific judgments, of necessity quite personal, do not matter all that much. The films of the New American Cinema exude vitality and passion, and their most profound desire is to see things as they are. There is hardly one of them which is not turned to record and explore the contemporary world with honesty and anger, and with tender concern.

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WALTER SCHWARZ

THE COLD WAR & THE AFRICAN STATES

LISTS OF DIPLOMATIC missions in the new African states make fascinating and somewhat disturbing reading. There are Nationalist (but not Communist) Chinese embassies in the Cameroons Federation and in what was once the French Congo (Brazzaville), Communist (but not Nationalist) Chinese ones in Ghana, Guinea, and Mali. South Vietnam has an embassy in the Ivory Coast, while North Vietnam and Outer Mongolia are represented in Guinea. Senegal, the Ivory Coast, and most of the other formerly French states still have no diplomatic relations with Russia, but little Togo has a full-scale Soviet embassy, and some other states, such as Mali, Ghana, and Guinea, have embassy lists comprising the entire Eastern bloc in Europe and Asia.

If these sharp differences in foreign relations confirm suspicions that the cold war is moving into Africa, other facts point in the same direction. Most of the twenty-eight independent states of Africa have tended to align themselves with one of two blocs—African blocs, to be sure, but oriented in many important ways either to East or West. The so-called "Casablanca" group (Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Egypt, and Morocco) call themselves "neutralists," but one at least among them—Guinea—has sought and received bigger and better aid from the East than from the West. On the other hand, the so-called "Monrovia" group—twenty strong at the conference last year which called it into being—takes a broadly Western view of world politics and depends economically on the West.

Thus, Africa has already seen a great deal of the spectacle, long familiar in Asia, of East competing against West. In one instance the rivalry between Russian and American information services in Bamako, capital of Mali, became so intense that the government finally issued a regulation forbidding any foreign information centers at all. There have been loans and counter-loans. The new governments have signed trade and credit agreements with Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, China, Hungary, and East Germany on the one hand; with Scandinavia, Japan, West Germany, Britain, and America on the other. Eastern-bloc technicians and advisers, including military ones, swarm about in Guinea and are becoming more numerous in Ghana and Mali; while in Senegal the French openly and without marked opposition maintain an important military base. Over the past year, of course, the intrusion of the cold war has been most clearly seen in the Belgian Congo, especially in the earlier stages of the crisis. As soon as Lumumba was murdered and the flag of Lumumbism had to be transferred from Leopoldville to Stanleyville, capital of the Congo's Eastern province, the well-oiled cold war

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WALTER SCHWARZ's piece on "Varieties of African Nationalism" appeared in our July 1961 number. Mr. Schwarz, a journalist whose special interests cover Israel as well as Africa, was educated in England, and is an editor there of *West Africa* (London). He is author of the book *The Arabs in Israel* (1959).

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wheels began turning at once: Eastern bloc missions mushroomed in Stanleyville, while the West entrenched itself at Leopoldville, where the UN has at last established its authority.

How deep does all this go? In countries so new, so poor, and so rapidly developing, appearance and reality are often more startlingly at variance than usual. Diplomatic politics and rhetoric impinge less on African actualities than they seem to do. Independence cannot alter overnight the basic economic facts of life, nor the economic habits and alignments on which the very existence of the government machine depends. In this context, words like "socialism" and "Communism" have to be redefined. Indeed it would be misleading to write off Africa as another split-down-the-middle victim of the cold war. Seen from the inside, the "Monrovia" and "Casablanca" groups are not as divided as they seem, though they do represent different answers to the problems of independence.

What keeps up the diplomatic and, to a decreasing extent, economic divisions between these groups is a set of mutual reproaches. The "Casablancans" accuse the "Monrovians" of being content with sham independence, while closely dependent on Western aid, trade, and defense. The "Monrovians" accuse the Casablancans of exaggerating the dangers inherent in cooperation with Europe and America, thereby making themselves vulnerable to the Soviet brand of imperialism.

THE "SPLIT" BETWEEN the two groups came into the open in May 1960 when the "Casablancans" refused to attend the Monrovia conference of formerly French territories and some others—Senegal, Ivory Coast, Mauritania, Dahomey, Niger, Upper Volta, Nigeria, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Central African Republic, Chad, Congo (Brazzaville), Gabon, Cameroun, Togo, Ethiopia, Tunisia, Lybia, Madagascar, and Somalia. It was deepened when the two organizations began building up separate instruments in defense, trade, and information—and when the "Casablancans" again declined to attend the successor to the Monrovia conference, held at Lagos in January of this year.

But there are inevitably many openings in this African "iron curtain." The barriers are weakest where they separate French-speaking neighbors. Such countries as Guinea (in the one group) and Senegal (in the other), or Mali and the Ivory Coast, were until recently all members of a single political and economic unit: French West Africa. The very moves toward independence were taken within the framework of a single political party, the Rassemblement Démocratique Africain, whose founder-leader was Houphouet-Boigny, now the Ivory Coast's president, and whose leading members included Modibo Keita, now Mali's president, and Sekou Touré of Guinea. The new ruling groups are the product of a single mold, the politicians and high officials in "rival" capitals are former friends and even, in many cases, relatives.

One effort to improve relations was recently made by Houphouet-Boigny. He paid a cordial visit to Mali in an open attempt to get the "Casablancans" to attend the Lagos conference which was due to take place shortly, and he succeeded to the extent that the group agreed to send its respective foreign ministers. In addition to the grounds for accord already mentioned, Houphouet-Boigny had a trump card to play in these talks: Mali is landlocked. It became independent originally as part of a federation which also included Senegal, with its port of Dakar where Mali's groundnuts and cotton could be shipped. But, because its leaders wanted to pursue a radical policy and Senegal's wanted to proceed cautiously, the federation broke up amid great bitterness in 1960. Modibo Keita has insisted ever since on maintaining a clean break, refusing even to re-open the railway link between his inland capital and the port of Dakar. His nearest alternative outlet to the sea is

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not provided by Mali's partner in the Casablanca group—Ghana—but by the country of Keita's former chief in the Rassemblement Démocratique—the Ivory Coast. Mali's trade now flows smoothly, if somewhat expensively, through the Ivory Coast's capital and port of Abidjan—and steps are being taken (with Soviet aid) to improve the road and rail communications between these two countries.

There are other chinks in the curtain. Upper Volta, whose President Maurice Yameogo is as fiery and independent as his country is landlocked and poor, made a break with the past by signing a trade agreement with Ghana. Senegal, the bastion of French wealth and influence, has concluded a customs and financial agreement with Guinea. The prime minister of Nigeria (formerly British) has paid a visit to Guinea. Ghana has welcomed the head of Mauritania, a country which Morocco, one of Ghana's Casablanca partners, refuses to recognize.

AT THE LAGOS conference, held after much fanfare and expectation last January, it was expected that these developments would culminate in a grand reunion of the two groups. But at the last moment hopes of reunion were dashed when the foreign ministers of the "Casablancans" refused to come because the Algerian Provisional Government had not been invited. Radical opinion throughout Africa assumed that the ex-French countries had insisted on leaving out the Algerians in order not to displease General de Gaulle, but their delegates pointed out quite reasonably that it was hardly appropriate for the government of a country not yet independent to attend.

At the conference, Nigeria's Governor General, the veteran Dr. Azikiwe, attempted to define the positions of the two groups. He stressed that both had declared the same objectives and set up basically the same kind of machinery for cooperation, but he singled out one important difference: "It is the conspicuous absence of a specific declaration on the part of the Casablanca states of their inflexible belief in the fundamental principle enunciated at Monrovia regarding the inalienable right of African states, as at present constituted, to legal equality, irrespective of their area and population; the right of African states to self-determination; the right of African states to safety from interference in their internal affairs through subversive activities engineered by supposedly friendly states." This was a reference to Ghanaian policy in recent years—a policy of aggressive pan-Africanism which does not stop at giving support to insurgent refugees from states which in the eyes of Nkrumah have no right to exist.

There are some signs that Ghanaian foreign policy is changing, following a realization that aggressive expansionism is making more enemies than friends. On the eve of the Lagos conference, Nkrumah, speaking at the inauguration of the Volta project, observed that in Africa today "no-one seeks a revision of present boundaries unnecessarily." Confirming the impression that Ghanaian policy has "softened," official circles in Accra now deny that they are giving active support to opponents of neighboring governments. Ghana's bitterest quarrel, that with her tiny neighbor, Togo, is in the process of being mended, and there are talks about the formation of a local union which would cut right across the "bloc" divisions: one between Nigeria, Dahomey, Togo, and Ghana.

In more ways than one, Africans are getting tired of their blocs. The intermingling of ideological and genuine policy differences with personal antagonisms is becoming painfully obvious to all. (At the time of writing, the chief obstacle to a Ghana-Togo reconciliation is that the Ghanaians have proposed a meeting on Ghanaian soil which is unacceptable to the dignity of Togo's president, who is asking for a meeting on neutral soil.) Now that some of the bloc barriers are beginning to appear absurd, it is perhaps not too optimistic to predict a growing realization that

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in the big argument between "reformist" and "revolutionary" Africa, the right answer lies somewhere in between. Just as the "radicals" cannot escape the need for Western capital and markets, so the "moderates" are no longer very far behind in new-style planning. Senegal, for all her dependence on French purchases of her crops, has recently produced a five-year plan which is unmistakably the product of a government that takes planning seriously. Instead of talking in spectacular (and commercially frightening) terms about outright nationalization and thus depriving herself of foreign investment (as is happening in Ghana) or actually carrying out such nationalization (as has happened in Guinea), the Senegalese are quietly proceeding with the establishment of industries in which the government has a share. And they are at last following the lead of Ghana and Nigeria in setting up cooperative marketing boards to handle their export crops.

THIS BLURRING OF the frontiers between the "blocs" within Africa necessarily complicates the cold war picture. Only a year ago it seemed that in Ghana, Mali, and Guinea, the Russians had a promising bridgehead, while in the rest of Africa their prospects were dim. Even then this was a superficial view; now, as the logic of events forces a certain reshuffling of African alignments, the prospects of East and West are more obscure. Most dramatic of all, perhaps, was the setback Russia experienced in Guinea, culminating in the expulsion of the Soviet ambassador last December. The background to this startling event is formed by the circumstances of Guinea's achievement of independence in 1958, when Touré said *"Non"* to de Gaulle's new-style Community and the General determined to make an example of him by cutting all links and by letting him solve his own problems. As a result, Guinea was driven further East than she actually wanted to go. Sekou Touré and the other Guinean leaders have never wearied in their protestation that the only "ism" they are interested in is Africanism. But was de Gaulle's policy really as shortsighted as it seemed? If his object was to teach Guinea a lesson, he has largely succeeded. Guinea's revolution relied on a centralized and skilled civil service. This was lacking when the French suddenly pulled out, and no amount of Czech, Chinese, and East German technicians could remedy the deficiency. The result was a breakdown in distribution of goods and the collapse of the nationalized import and export organization, the Comptoir Guinéen du Commerce Extérieur et Intérieur. In a remarkably frank speech last March, Sekou Touré acknowledged that "economic and commercial activities are so infinitely varied that no single organization, even when staffed by experts, can possibly act for the whole of the nation when it comes to visualizing the needs of that nation." There had been widespread corruption, with the result "that instead of the number of middlemen being reduced there has grown up a set of new middlemen, a whole host of dishonest traffickers exploiting one aspect or another of our life."

Sekou Touré was addressing a chamber of commerce meeting, but his real audience was all of Africa, startled at the prospect of the most Eastward-looking state on the continent denouncing all-out state control practice after giving it a trial. In a statement of principles to govern his new measures, Touré voiced ideas which would be as acceptable in Dakar and Abidjan as they would in Accra or Bamako. Certain things had to be controlled by the state: the currency, the export trade, and the broad direction of internal trade. However, "state control of the direction of foreign trade must not be regarded as a state monopoly of trade." The private trader—even if he were a foreigner—was essential in providing an accurate and reliable gauge of economic demand and insuring its effective satisfaction.

Not surprisingly the kind of economic

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malaise described by Touré translated itself into political terms. Political pressure did not come from the right, since there is virtually no bourgeoisie in Guinea. It came from the left. The government began to be pressured by Communist elements in the unions and among the teachers. The expulsion of the Soviet ambassador followed a "teachers' plot" which resulted in five union leaders being imprisoned last November. The "plot" itself was typical of the climate of Guinean political life. The Communist-dominated teachers' union distributed a memorandum demanding that the teachers should receive equal pay for equal work, regardless of qualifications. East European embassies were among the recipients of the memorandum, which had been drawn up without consultation with the ruling Parti Démocratique Guinéen leaders. The demands were turned down by the government and the teachers began to agitate. Their cause was taken up by mobs of angry students and there were noisy meetings. The government, operating in its characteristic way, called a meeting of two hundred delegates from all the schools in Conakry, who were persuaded to pass a vote of confidence. On their return to the schools, however, they found even angrier mobs of their colleagues waiting to denounce them as betrayers. As soon as the dust had settled and the leaders were imprisoned, Sekou Touré came out into the open. He told the second annual congress of his party that recent efforts to overthrow the regime were the work of "a Marxist-Leninist group, based in Moscow, Paris, and Dakar, whose Machiavellian plan was to unleash a Marxist revolution in Guinea." He then went on to accuse the French ambassador in Conakry of having participated in the plot.

Seen from Moscow, these developments could hardly be more disconcerting, as was proved by the prompt dispatch to Guinea of Mikoyan, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister. The visit was followed by the appointment of a new Soviet ambassador and the incident was closed.

HOW SERIOUSLY DOES Moscow take Africa? It is noteworthy that at the World Congress of Communist Parties in Moscow in 1960, out of a world total of forty million Communist party members, only some fifty thousand came from Africa. A mere handful of African Communist parties—six in all—were recognized, out of a global total of eighty-one and these were in North Africa and South Africa—none in independent Black Africa. True, representatives of Ghana, Guinea, and Mali were present as fraternal delegates and addressed the conference, but their presence seemed more like a portent than an immediate factor. Soviet aims in Africa have not been able to focus on precise political objectives. The best they have been able to do is make the fullest possible use of their principal psychological weapon: the reaction against Western colonialism. In the psychological East-West competition for allegiances, this advantage may be coupled with the series of blows that Western prestige has suffered, including the Suez and Cuban fiascoes. And though America has shared with Russia the benefit of being relatively free from colonial associations, her internal race problems have also been a handicap.

The picture of Africa that Russians have formed differs markedly, and often rather comically, from that of the West. Soviet journalists writing on the parts of Africa in their sphere of influence produce largely dry, factual analyses of problems, while the bulk of independent Africa makes an easy target for them. A recent report on the Ivory Coast in Moscow *New Times* by M. Azembski says:

> What is happening within the stone fastness of colonialism is unlike developments in the other independent states of Africa. In the Ivory Coast, where "natives" have been ruling almost "independently" for some time now, there has begun a new political game of Africans against Africans. The Ivory Coast is becoming a capitalist state. . . . The French administration gave the "black elite" the possibility of owning Lincolns and living in Mansions. . . .

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Of Senegal, V. Sidenko writes in the same paper:

> The economy of the whole country is dominated by two or three foreign firms, who buy groundnuts—the country's staple export—at rock-bottom prices, selling third-rate products made by them in exchange, and making large profits. Most of the industry catered to the Europeans, and when independence came the market for goods became so small that several of the concerns had to shut down, causing unemployment. However, French control of the territory has remained; military agreements were signed whereby the French retained their base in Dakar. Even Senegal's own army is not yet emancipated; all the officers are white, but there are no whites in the ranks. . . .

These descriptions are partly a venomous mixture of platitude and falsehood. The description of the Ivory Coast (which later develops into an attack on the attitudes of that ex-revolutionary, President Houphouet-Boigny) is more or less accurate. Of Senegal, it is true to say that the advent of independence has caused the market for Dakar's industries to shrink. But the reason is that these industries were meant to supply the whole of French West and Equatorial Africa, and their products now face customs barriers erected by other states equally anxious to protect their own industries. The picture of groundnuts buying is a travesty of a situation in which the state is now energetically taking over the purchase and sale of groundnuts. The Senegal army, which has four battalions commanded by a Senegalese general, has only Senegalese officers. However, there are still French units with technical duties stationed in Senegal, and the big base at Dakar remains French.

ANY OVER-ALL ATTEMPT to assess the achievements of the Russians in terms of trade and aid would be premature, for their campaign is just beginning. While Guinea appears, in the matter of Soviet aid, to have come to the end of a rather depressing chapter, Ghana is just opening a new one, having embarked on a "new economic policy" aimed at using political neutrality to solve two pressing economic problems: the disposal of cocoa and industrialization. The government has abolished the traditional cocoa-selling agencies in London and New York, centralizing all selling at Accra, where big barter deals can more easily be made with the East. While last year the Eastern bloc bought only some 10,000 tons out of a record crop of about 450,000, it is hoped that this year's purchases will reach 70,000. The Russians are paying for 55 per cent of the cocoa's cost in hard currency (sterling) and 45 per cent in goods and services. Accordingly, the Eastern bloc recently granted Ghana the equivalent of 300 million dollars in the form of credits for new industries to be planned and eventually built by her own technicians. These funds are granted almost entirely on 2½ per cent interest terms, as against the 6 per cent normally charged by Western sources, and are repayable in varying periods up to ten years—in Ghana currency. That is, the factories are in effect to be provided on barter terms in exchange for cocoa and other produce. In addition there is a series of trade agreements which also provide for a two-way flow of goods.

Ghana is gearing its whole economy to these arrangements. It has recently abolished all open general-import licenses—chiefly to help control the growing trade deficit—but with the important subsidiary objective of enabling the country to buy enough goods in the Eastern market to meet the new obligations. These moves must be seen in perspective. The preponderance of Ghana's trade is still with the West (only £12 million out of some £245 million was with the East in 1960). For the Volta project alone (kingpin of Ghana's industrialization program) some £93 million is coming from Western sources for the hydro-electric dam and the aluminum shelter. Moreover, the validity of the "cocoa for factories" equation has yet to be proved. Russia's cocoa purchases are notoriously erratic. As the Russians are

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not habitual chocolate eaters or drinkers, it is true to say that in the East (including China as well as the East European bloc) there is a far larger potential market than in the saturated West. But no assurances have been forthcoming that the Russians really intend to develop a chocolate industry. What purchases they make may well be for strategic stockpiling or merely for political reasons. Worse still, these exports may find their way back to the world market, thus further depressing the already rock-bottom prices. (This has been known to happen in the past.) Another doubt about the industrial credits is whether they are really as attractive as they seem. They have not been put out to tender, as most Western projects, thus raising the question whether the Russians are not recouping themselves for the loss of interest by merely charging higher prices for their factories.

If the Russians are still at an early stage in their African efforts, the same applies even more forcefully to the Chinese. Not only are they now multiplying their economic and, where possible, diplomatic missions and aid programs (they have advanced £7 million to Ghana), but they appear prepared to carry into Africa their current ideological quarrel with the Russians. Observers at the recent Afro-Asian writers conference in Cairo concluded that the Chinese have emerged as open rivals to the Russians in Africa. Their delegation, led by the chairman of the Union of Chinese Writers, tried to make the Russians appear lukewarm in their militancy in championing liberation movements. While in private contact with African leaders the Chinese have been adopting an openly "racist" line—to the effect that "these Europeans are all the same, French, Americans, Russians, or Poles; we non-whites must get together"—the Chinese appear readier than the Russians to provide arms, money, and training to "liberation fighters." They are giving full backing to a long-standing revolt in the Cameroun and have offered aid to Angolan "resistance groups."

If Eastern bloc plans in Africa are still tentative, the West's position is the subject of much re-thinking, both among Africans and Europeans. On the economic side, the underlying debate is being conducted over the future of the Common Market. This year the sixteen African states associated with the "Six" of Europe are due to renew the terms of their association. The resulting heart-searching is complicated by Britain's imminent entry, and the prospect that the Commonwealth countries of Africa must also in some way be associated. Africans are divided on the very principle of the association. At a Eurafrican parliamentary meeting on the subject last year, they heard Professor Hallstein, the Common Market's president, declare that "the ultimate motive and the most important effects of our association are political." The thought was echoed by the Ivory Coast's delegate, who added: "It is not merely mercantile considerations which motivate our efforts here: what is at stake is the very safeguarding of our persons and our liberty." That is one view. Another was expressed by Nkrumah soon afterward, when he called the Common Market "the greatest danger for Africa today."

Under the 1957 Treaty of Rome which established the Common Market, the sixteen overseas territories then colonies of the Six were associated on special terms. The idea was that special arrangements (tariff preferences, bulk buying of produce, and development aid) should in future be made jointly with all of the Six. The fundamental debate now in progress is whether this is as much in the Africans' interest as it seems on the surface. The essence of Nkrumah's thesis is that the association is bound to retard industrialization in the African countries, which will continue to serve as protected overseas markets for European manufacturers and sources of cheap raw materials. The subsidy they will obtain in return for assum-

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ing these obligations will be small compared with the losses they will suffer if they deprive themselves of the advantages of meeting their own requirements in the world market. To these criticisms Nkrumah's African opponents reply that the Rome Treaty gives them adequate safeguards and, when they have used their present opportunity to strengthen these still further, the advantages of the association will outweigh any drawbacks.

In reality, the sixteen states have as yet little choice. Most of the former French territories are still dependent on France, if not for actual budgetary aid, at least on French-guaranteed purchases of their crops at prices well above world levels. In addition there is the dilemma about the Commonwealth countries—rivals on the world market who may now be admitted into the "club" to share its fruits. Feelings of solidarity and the ideal of pan-Africanism impel the associated states to welcome the disappearance of an artificial economic barrier. On the other hand, each government is painfully afraid lest fresh competition injure its economy. The answer to these problems will currently be a continuation of the association between the European Six and the African Sixteen—and the admission of Ghana and Nigeria to its essential advantages. In the long run, however, the pattern may change. Taking the plunge from the warm banks of protectionism into the cold and bracing water of economic freedom is a prospect that gains popularity in Africa as the years go by.

Not only in this matter of the Common Market is the tide flowing toward radicalism. Another leading impulse derives from the unequal progress of enlightenment on the one hand and of actual welfare on the other, and has nothing directly to do with the cold war. In all the new African states, including Ghana and Guinea, where radical experiments have scarcely yet begun to change the lot of the ordinary citizen, there is a growing realization that the benefits of independence have so far been restricted to a narrow circle. The splitting up of the old colonial groupings and the consequent economic and political Balkanization of Africa has been far more striking in its effects than have been the results of any steps toward unity. It has meant that each country, however impoverished, must shoulder for itself all the burdens of statehood, including diplomatic representation and the financing of development projects. There has been little left for immediate and tangible distribution. The idea of progress gains ground, but in the absence of visible improvements in the standard of living, its effect will be to make people aware of a misery they previously took for granted. This constitutes a basic, though distant, threat to every African regime. However, for the moment there is no visible link between this threat and Africa's alignments in the cold-war struggle.

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WALLACE MARKFIELD

EULOGY FOR AN AMERICAN BOY

THE RABBI, a large moon-faced man with bifocals and only the smallest of beards, announced, "Please rise, the entire congregation." While he prayed in swift sonorous Hebrew, ushers passed bunches of booklets from pew to pew. Presently the rabbi made a sign to sit. "Open to page four," he instructed, "where the print is big."

He read, "Extolled and hallowed be the name of God throughout the world which He has created according to His will. And may He speedily establish His kingdom of righteousness on earth. Amen."

He was answered, "Praised be His glorious name unto all eternity."

The rabbi now took a step away from his lectern and looked intently at the coffin, as though seeking a cue. He nodded vigorously four or five times, after which he said, "Bereaved family and friends, we live in a time, a generation, a society when it's supposed to be not nice to bellyache over the pain and trouble of living. Feel, but don't cry, take punishment, but don't show. Keep everything nice, neat, under control. And no details. 'How was the day?' says the wife when you get home. 'A day like a day,' you tell her. Never mind that where you buy the paper every morning you got shortchanged. Never mind that you had a little bit of nastiness with this one or that one in the office which gave you a terrible sour stomach, or on the elevator going down the boss said such a cold goodnight. Nobody is interested in the routine and the petty. Like in the movies or the television a person might say, 'I feel hungry, I think I'll go eat,' and the next thing you see him smile and take a cigar and say, 'Oh, what a good meal I had.' Who cares in case he had to wait ten minutes for a table, and who wants to know that he found dirt in the napkin? Or if he's supposed to die, how does he die? I assure you, dear friends, he won't be in a hospital with tubes sticking up his nose and getting needles and painful tests and doctors coming back and forth for consultations. He cracks a little joke, he closes his eyes, and goodbye and good luck. Better than that, how many times—how many, many times—you're walking where there are children and one falls down and with tears runs to the mother. 'Momma, momma, I hurt myself.' Poor thing, what it gets is not a kiss and a cuddle, but a sock across the face. All right, you have to teach not to be a wild Indian and to cross a street looking on both sides. The Talmud says, 'Blessed is the hand, no matter how hard and heavy, which instructs in a good thing.' Except here, what is the mother's purpose and principle? Only to show the

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WALLACE MARKFIELD's stories and essays have been published in *Partisan Review* and other journals, as well as in COMMENTARY, where his critical review, "By the Light of the Silvery Screen," appeared in March 1961. "Eulogy for an American Boy," in expanded form, will be part of Mr. Markfield's first novel, *To an Early Grave*, which portrays the American Jewish intellectual scene.

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kid it should keep everything inside. It should have one tough face for everything. That's today's living, and everybody is a Humphrey Bogart."

The rabbi coughed, and in the cough his next few words were swallowed. ". . . life and death. . . ." He hacked and rasped and then, finding breath, continued in a louder voice. "Life and death no one cares about like they used to. I remember once upon a time you celebrated a birth and you mourned a death, and in between you recognized, clear-cut and simple, you were growing older, you were aging and dying every minute. A religious Jew would have his burial cloth, his shroud right next to where he kept his *tallis*. This way he was reminded that he had no written agreement with God, that he couldn't guarantee today what he would be tomorrow. And when he went people would carry on, the oldest and the youngest, and no one was ashamed to make a scene and no one withheld himself. Nowadays—nowadays they can't wait to bury and forget. You dassn't spend an extra second, you dassn't say an extra word. 'Rabbi, please go easy, my wife has sick nerves. . . . Rabbi, you shouldn't be insulted, but do everybody a favor, make it quick, simple and quick. . . .' "

Humbling his back and deeply bowing his head, the rabbi let all present understand that for any small pleasure a top price must be paid.

"The body is telling you every second how you have it too good. Did you look a little too long and with too much satisfaction at the grandchildren? Take a few palpitations. Did the wife pick up a nice bedspread and covers for the couch? Let her have a low back pain. Did you get a particularly first-class haircut from the barber? Here, here's a cavity, or a little piece off the bridgework. Did you get a perfect fit in a cheap suit right off the rack? Pay for it with acid in the stomach and a trifle too much albumen and sugar in the blood. Did the father-in-law send a postal from Miami and a box of mixed fruits? Give him a dizziness when bending, a stone in the kidney, a swelling in the prostate."

Saying this, the rabbi meditated silently for a while, pressing and grinding against the lectern in a way that must have been brutal against his bones.

He pulled a handful of tissues from somewhere in his sagging jacket, patted his mouth and said further, "Talk to the body and you talk to an enemy. Argue and back-talk sooner with the cop on the beat and the good God in heaven, with the hoodlum who wants your money and the murderer who wants your life. Kid it along a little. Promise how you'll take better care of it, staying out of drafts, no lifting and bending, avoiding spicy foods. You'll cut down and you'll build up. You won't go in on Saturdays, you'll ride on the local to get a seat, you'll think a hundred times before you raise your voice or climb a little flight of stairs. Plead with it. Tell how you're special and unique, a person who likes one soap and not another, who has to get into a certain posture before you fall asleep and can't bear if the newspaper isn't folded your particular way. Never mind, says the body, never mind. I'm not interested. With me you cut no ice, with me you're only a bad blood vessel, a deficiency in the heart, a spot on the lung, a swelling on a gland, an abscess they can't heal. When I get impatient, when I get irritated and give the say-so, you'll be only a thing. I'll push, you'll fall. And where you fall you'll lie. . . ."

His voice waning, his intonation altered, the rabbi said, "*In* the commentary of Rabbi Menahem *ben* Solomon Ha-Meiri he tells us that even though—*even* though punishment full and final is handed out in the world to come, *still* in all every person *and* individual gets a taste and sniff of his punishment *in* this world, in this life. Why does he say punishment and not say reward? He says punishment because all who are *born* are born to die *and* all who die are called up to a judg-

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ment. Whether you like it or not, nobody asks. For *every* little action and every little thought, also for what you didn't do *and* didn't think, the Almighty *will* weigh *and* measure. *In* this world, in this life, you have to expect it, you have to live with it, on top of your other troubles. *That* on the Day of Judgment *in* the Valley of Jehoshaphat you'll be called up. *Either* to everlasting life *or* to such a shaming there's no imagining *how* terrible."

Item by item, the rabbi listed the punishments of the sinner. The long dead and the unborn would shun him. He would seek to confess his wickedness, but he would grow dumb. At the gates of Gehenna imps would afflict him, as well as vast armies of demons, who would pull him from the right and from the left. They would turn him into a snake and cause him to shed his skin. He would become as a leaf, shivering in the wind. In his heart would be unbridled desire, but no way to appease it. Thirty times thirty times would his seed be cursed. By kin and next of kin unto thirty times thirty generations, who would chant the Chapter of Curses. He would be sent forth as a Dybbuk, and his name added to the Book of Evil. All this through eternity, till the end of days, and only after the battle of Armageddon, when the ram's horn would blow and there would be drums and dancing in the street for the Messiah.

"For such reasons and others which this is not the place to go into it's common sense that a man ought to do whatever he can to get everlasting life. He has to please God, and there's not one way of pleasing God—because what kind of God would it be that you pleased in only one way? Some do it by teaching, some do it by learning, another by fasting and still another by eating. Which is why the Tsaddik of Lublin used to say, 'Everyone should see what way his heart draws him to, and then he should choose this way with all his might.' Bereaved family and friends, in my opinion—and I don't say it just because it's the occasion—the too-recently departed was such a person."

AND THE RABBI continued, "He had very high moral and intellectual qualities which gave him an interest in everything and in everything a desire to ex-cel. Where there was a subject he came across he would read up—this I myself testify. About certain parts of Jewish custom and history he forgot more than I'll ever know. In any argument he could hold his own. His father tells me he used to write away to all the Congressmen for pamphlets and little packages of seeds, and that once he got a personal letter signed by Senator La Follette and a special pass he could use when he wanted to come to Washington. From nothing he made little airplanes. Before Bar Mitzvah he went into a newspaper contest on why we need the League of Nations and he won one of the top prizes. There was even a scandal; they found out his age, that he was such a kid, and they didn't believe. His parents had to make a special trip with him down to the office and sign statements he was the author and he got absolutely no help. In the libraries he became a terrible nuisance. They kept him in the children's section and he would pester grown-ups they should get him books he wasn't permitted. From what I understand he also had an interest in chess, a high talent, and if he had developed it he might have made a name.

"We shouldn't think of him as only a book reader. He was a New York boy, an American boy, a boy from our century, and being such means Babe Ruth and the Katzenjammer Kids and Tar-*zan* of the Apes and chewing gum and bad marks in conduct and talking fresh and not paying attention. When he wanted, he had a marvelous head for Talmud Torah, except that he seldom wanted and gave the rebbe trouble. He would get moods and not want to dress up, though his parents provided him the finest clothes. Instead of carrying a brief case he would tie around his books with an old belt, he ab-

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solutely refused to put on any kind of hat, and he lost expensive fountain pens, special compasses for arithmetic, mufflers and gloves. Things like that. He reached a time when nothing his parents did pleased. Particularly the father, whose feelings he hurt by his criticism of everything. They would have fights because his father got enjoyment from reading the *News* and the *Mirror* and wasn't happy that the unions got into his shop. Bear in mind that he was in knickers yet. One time his father told him, *'Boychick,* if I'm an exploiter then what are you since you eat and drink from my exploiting?' The result—the result was for two days he took in his mouth nothing but pretzel sticks and water. Till the father, being a father, naturally couldn't bear it and went and brought him home records and a really expensive set of. . . ."

"Murderers!" From up front there was commotion and a shrill rising pitch. "He's breathing! What are you doing to him, murderers!"

"No, no, no," the rabbi said, rapping lightly on the lectern a few times. "You mustn't, you dassn't. You wet his grave, you don't let him rest easy." Even so, a sob cracked his next sentence. "He had . . ." He took time to blow his nose and fiddle with his *yarmelke*. "He had a clear mind, and maybe too clear. There was nothing he would let pass, nothing he would be deceived by. In a minute he could make people think that they didn't know who they were, what they wanted or where they stood in relation to the world, that they didn't tell the truth or show their true feelings or try to live in a worthwhile way. He wanted they should be critical, they should look to see from where their feet grow. He was an underminer. It's a special power which in a way he would have been better off not having. Because it's not appreciated and can do harm. 'Hey, hey,' people would tell him. 'What do you want from us, what do you expect from us? Leave us alone. We can barely lift our feet and you're telling us to be Nijinskys. We're grateful they don't throw stones at us and you want us to start revolutions. We whisper *shah* and you bellow *gevald*. We say yes and you say no. Leave us alone. Go away. Realize who you're dealing with. Bear in mind that we're *kleiner menshen* who have nerve only to ask for small things. Our God is the God of *kleiner menshen,* a civil service God, a God of professionals. Our concerns are his concerns. That the apartment should be painted every few years. That the slip covers should fit. That we should be able to furnish homes for our daughters and offices for the sons. That when we cut velvets they shouldn't order cottons. Leave us alone. We don't want trouble, we don't want to know too much. . . .' "

THE RABBI RUMBLED ON, saying, "The average individual doesn't learn how to see or to be curious. Things go into his mind just so far, just to such and such a point and place, and there it finishes. He doesn't like to be surprised by life or have his habits upset. Tell him you're Jack the Ripper, show him your big knife with blood on it and he'll answer, 'Mister, pardon me, I get off the next stop.' However, with the departed who we now remember you had a great, a remarkable interest in people and phenomenon. I recall very fondly how some years ago I met him by the library when we both had a little time to spare and how we walked around and then went for a bite. What a delight it was, what a pleasure! The way he saw the city, the streets, the way he was open to the least little thing! Here he saw a tree, he knew it by name. There he noticed a woman walking with a funny dog and he pats and plays with the animal and before we walk away finds out whatever there is to find out about the breed, how smart they are, what they like to eat. In no time he was her best friend. And that wasn't all. I'm with him maybe two hours, and what we didn't talk about, what ground we didn't cover! The different type elevators they have. The way big buildings are made so they can take the shocks from subway

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trains. Where you go if you want to get books rebound at a reasonable price. How you should break in a pipe. What to look for in a pair of new shoes. The swollen profits in drug supplies. Also the way Jews lived under the Romans. Also the inventing of clocks. Also the greatness of Winston Churchill, and his feelings about Jews. Also Joe Louis, Fatty Arbuckle, Bertrand Russell, and I think the future of Israel. We went in then to eat. A place I never noticed though I used to be in the neighborhood three times a week. Everyone—everyone there knew him and he knew everyone. The counterman, when he saw him walk over, must have gained ten pounds. We, we wanted to order the corned beef, but he gives us a wink and makes a motion toward the brisket. And he put together a pair of healthy sandwiches that if the boss saw him he could have been fired then and there. With potato salad I don't think he punched out on the check, plus sour pickles. . . .

"WAS HE DOING it for show?" The rabbi made the words softly. "I would personally doubt it. I would say he had a temperament that was a giving temperament and believed that giving returns giving and love returns love. Like for no reason at all he starts a conversation with the cashier. He was buying a pack of cigarettes and when she hands him the matches he says to her, 'Isn't it strange—isn't it strange how I buy a pack of cigarettes in New York, in Manhattan, and I get with it a matchbook from a bank in Chicago?' Now, whether because there was a line of customers, or whether because she thought he was getting fresh she didn't answer and I felt hurt for him. Because here also he was trying to give, and like with so many things in his life he didn't know where or when. He, he wanted to be part of her existence, to leave her with a deep idea, but probably he only upset her and threw off her figuring."

The rabbi thereupon turned the pages of a large pad, moistening two fingers on his tongue. After a long instant of thought, he said, "I have already talked more than I wanted to and maybe more than I should. But I notice here how I had a few important, significant points to bring out which would give us a better understanding of this fine person to who we pay homage. *Children and family* I have written down. An item I should cover. All right. In my profession I go into a lot of houses and I can't get used to what I see. Parents have children and expect the children to fail and disappoint them. Parent doesn't know child, child doesn't want to know parent. Whatever you do for them is wrong. If you blew on their baby cereal, that was no good. You gave them too much protection. If you held back and didn't blow they also blame you. Because they'd burn a tongue. What you want from them is never what you get from them. You're afraid to command and they don't want to obey. You ask from them everything and nothing, and what you ask for is never what you want. You put on them the necessary oil and talcum, you train them to habits of personal cleanliness. . . .

"His wife, his good wife told me something which sheds very nice light on the man and father he was. When his older girl was three or four she got into rages for almost no reason. You couldn't stop her, you couldn't control or discipline her, and they were afraid she would do herself harm. One day—one day she carried on worse than ever. For no reason. He tells his wife to go bring blankets. 'What for?' 'Go bring.' Then he takes the *maidele* in his arms and carries her up to the roof. He puts the blanket around them both, he cuddles, he caresses, he says, 'You'll make a yell, and I'll make a yell. Let's see. Let's see who can do louder.' So the *maidele* starts in and he starts in. She makes a yell, he makes a worse yell. She kicks and slaps, he pretends to kick and slap. She runs wild around the roof, he runs wild after her. She begins to sniffle, he sniffles. She makes a funny face, he makes a funnier one. And

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ut-ut-ut, she laughs. A little bit of a laugh. He hears, but he pretends he doesn't hear. The *maidele* gives him a little hit, as if to say, 'Notice me, pay attention!' So he hugs her. He gives her love bites while she laughs and cries, although more laughs. They climb under the blanket and they make believe it's a tent, a castle, an automobile, a magic airplane. 'Look, look,' he says to the *maidele,* 'see the sun, see how nice. Let's both together breathe the sun down into our tummies.' How is that possible? How do you breathe the sun down? She wants to know, the *maidele*. By throwing out the chest, he instructs. By closing the eyes. By saying sun come into me, sun let me swallow you. By pretending you never knew before what it is to breathe, that now is the first time. She obeys, she enjoys. Next he and the *maidele* breathe down a cloud, and another cloud, and a wind that's blowing. Then he tells a story and she tells a story. He makes up a sun song, she makes up a sun song. She wants a kiss, he wants a kiss. She says, 'I love you,' he says, 'I love you.' She goes to sleep and he goes to sleep, together on the roof, under one blanket. This was the kind of man and father he was."

Once more the rabbi searched his pad. Telling the people this: "I had written down here a certain quotation with a very important point which I can't seem to locate. How he for who we hold such high regard was like in a certain story where the hero is walking and he sees that a little animal is hurt and being mistreated and he stops off to give a hand. It turns out, of course, that the creature is what you call a genie, and this genie rewards him—a ring, a locket, a charm—making him free from what you and I are not free from. That is, cash, the getting of cash, and the hardness of the getting. Also material things, property, strict obedience to the authorities and satisfaction with what life is supposed to provide, even when it is not enough. Like I mentioned before, this made him a special case and didn't necessarily endear him to one and all. But if we have no room in the world or in our hearts for special cases, then whose fault is it? And does that mean there shouldn't be special cases? That's all I think I'm going to say."

He next instructed all present to rise, and he recited: "Praised *and* glorified be the name of the Holy One, *though* He be *above* all the praises which we can utter. Our guide *is* He in life and our redeemer through all eternity."

He was answered: "Our help cometh from Him, the creator of heaven and earth."

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GERTRUDE STEIN

F. W. Dupee

THERE USED TO be something known to all readers as "Steinese." Steinese was the peculiar literary idiom invented by Gertrude Stein around 1910 and made familiar to a large American public by her admirers and non-admirers alike. Gnomic, repetitive, illogical, sparsely punctuated, this idiom became a scandal and a delight, lending itself equally to derisory parody and fierce denunciation. It had a formidable currency in writing and conversation throughout the teens, twenties, and thirties. "A rose is a rose is a rose" and "Pigeons on the grass alas" were encountered as frequently-almost-as the "Yes we have no bananas," a nonsense phrase—later a song—of popular origin which may actually have been inspired by Steinese. "My little sentences have gotten under their skins," Gertrude Stein was at last able to say, with the pride of someone who craved recognition the more that she got mere notoriety. In other words, her little sentences, originally quoted in scorn, had come in time to be repeated from something like affection; and thus the very theory that underlay her technique of reiteration was proved: what people loved they repeated, and what people repeated they loved.

Simple-minded as she sounded to the public, Gertrude Stein did have her theories—few writers of note have had more stringent ones. If she was "the Mother Goose of Montparnasse," as someone said (such attempts to characterize her in a witty phrase were constantly repeated, too), she was a Mother Goose with a mind. She had studied psychology with William James at Radcliffe; conducted laboratory experiments there with Hugo Münsterberg; come close to getting an M.D. at Johns Hopkins; and then, settling in Paris with her brother Leo, communed with Picasso in his Paris studio where a different kind of experiment was in progress: the plastic analysis of spatial relations which gave rise to Cubist painting.

Thus, behind the popular image of Gertrude Stein there came to be, as we all know by now, a woman of immense purpose, equipped with astonishing powers of assimilation, concentration, and hard work—as well as, to be sure, relaxation (she liked to lie in the sun and stare right into it). Her meeting with Picasso was in itself purely fortuitous; such a meeting might have befallen any tourist with a mildly questing spirit and enough money to buy paintings which, in any event, went almost begging. Gertrude Stein converted this meeting into the basis of a vocation and a life. It became for her the major case—her acquaintance with William James was another—of genius by association. Her scientific interests now fused with a passion, at last fully awakened, for art and literature. Out of this union of the laboratory and the studio came a body of theory and writing like none before or after it. There were elements in it of the Naturalism that was just then (*circa* 1900) taking root in American literature.

So far as these elements alone went, Gertrude Stein might have been a Dreiser *manqué*—except that, with her Cubist predilections, she became, as it were, post-Dreiser. Like Dreiser and other Naturalists she held quasi-scientific conceptions of race and individual character; life expressed itself best in forms of "struggle" (the word was frequently hers as it was that of Dreiser's generation: "the class struggle," "the struggle for existence"). Her first mature work, *Three Lives,* was a triple portrait of the servant, a type of oppressed individual with a special appeal for the Naturalist novelist; in addition, her trio, two Germans and a Negress, belonged to ethnic minorities. Yet this staple subject of Naturalist fiction

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proved to be more a study in the language, syntax, and rhythms of consciousness than in the effects of oppression, social or cosmic. Here her aesthetic predilections checkmated and partially transformed the Naturalist elements. *Three Lives* remains her most widely admired book.

The American writer who most attracted her was not Dreiser or any of his school but Henry James. And there may have been personal as well as aesthetic reasons for her refusal of Naturalist pessimism and protest. Gertrude Stein felt no deep identification with the oppressed; life was a struggle that she could very probably win. Her grandparents had been German Jewish immigrants, but they had prospered in the United States; her parents, prospering too, had been beguiled by art, languages, and educational theory; as children, Gertrude Stein and her sister and brothers, like the young Jameses at an earlier period, had been transported to Europe for a prolonged stay in Vienna and Paris. Thus the impression left by the elder Steins, at least on Gertrude Stein, was one of people who, if they were not exactly free spirits, had to a degree done as they liked and made themselves at home equally in America and Europe. No doubt their example, as she conceived of it, fortified her own determination to do the same, do even better. Hence the impulse, so patiently and passionately followed by her, to root herself in a profession, in the city of Paris, in a society of her choosing.

The consequences for her personality were, again, astonishing. In her maturity, she gave the impression, not merely of doing what she liked but of *being* almost anything she wanted to be. She seemed, as the many surviving likenesses of her suggest, at once female and male, Jew and non-Jew, American *pur sang* and European peasant, artist and public figure, and so on. She did not, however, create this intricate unity and sustain it without showing evidences of great strain. Her magnetic, almost magical self-mastery was buttressed by frank self-indulgence on her part and advertised to the world by a good deal of unashamed self-congratulation. A regular system of compensations characterized her life. Inclusions entailed exclusions in a virtually mechanical perfection of balance. For almost every idea she embraced, almost every person she befriended, there was some idea that remained pointedly alien to her, some person who was an outsider. Henry James had played something like this drama too, though with more compunction, it seems, and with himself often cast as the outsider. Gertrude Stein, never the outsider, seems not to have risen —or sunk—to the level of James's flexibility. Thus her combined residence, salon, and art gallery in the rue de Fleurus, where she presided with the aid of the devoted Miss Toklas, presented the aspects, now of an infinitely charming refuge, now of a bristling fortress. The former aspect predominated; the wariest visitor was apt to be struck by things about Gertrude Stein which were more literally magical than her self-mastery —things that were not to be fully accounted for by will, intelligence, or the principle of genius by association: her magnificent head and features, her appealing voice, her elementally refreshing laugh.

But Gertrude Stein's family background was not the only source, or even the principal one, of her prodigious and largely good-humored will to power. The same background failed to supply her brother Leo with any such determination to make himself at home in the world. Brilliant, erratic, eternally unfulfilled, Leo Stein became an early advocate and perennial patient of psychoanalysis, finding a sort of fatherland only in Freud. In Gertrude Stein's case, obviously, it was her involvement in the profession of literature, and the stern mysteries attending it, that made the difference. The profession was the more engrossing because of the variety of influences she brought to bear on it. If her conception of literature included elements of Naturalism, it also anticipated the literary Modernism that was to culminate in the chief works of Joyce, Eliot, Yeats, and others. To her as to them (up to a point), literature in the 20th century presented itself as a problem in the reconstruction of form and language. But where the solution of this problem was a means to an end for these writers, it became, for her, on the whole, a pursuit worthy in itself of her best efforts. She had no quarrel, as they did, with culture, with the self, with history. Culture in her terminology becomes "composition," an aggregate of institutions,

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technologies, and human relations which the artist, as artist, accepts as it is, eliciting its meanings primarily through eye and ear rather than through mind, memory, or imagination. And words, like the other materials of the literary medium, become useful to the artist, assume a character purely aesthetic, in proportion as they can be converted from bearers of established meaning and unconscious association into plastic entities.

Such was the theoretical basis of her work, a basis to which she added many refinements as she sought to find literary equivalents for the various experiments conducted by the Cubists. Her theories have been admirably expounded and criticized in a number of recent books. The usual conclusion is the common sense one. Literature is a temporal art rather than, like painting, a spatial one; and in using words as plastic entities, as things in themselves, words become not more but less alive, indeed peculiarly inert. Mr. Kenneth Burke has called Gertrude Stein's practice "art by subtraction," a phrase that expresses well the literal and merely negative aspect of her work at its least effective. Mr. B. L. Reid has made Burke's phrase the title of a hostile study of Gertrude Stein; and Mr. John Malcolm Brinnin, in *The Third Rose,* the best biography of her, sums up his investigations into her methods as follows:

> Language is plastic, but its plasticity must be informed and determined by the philosophy or, at least, by the information it conveys. In her earlier works, Gertrude Stein operated under this injunction naturally; but as she continued, her attraction to painting led her to wish for the same plastic freedom for literature, and eventually to write as though literature *were* endowed with such freedom. "The painter," said Georges Braque, "knows things by sight; the writer, who knows them by name, profits by a prejudice in his favor." This was the profit Gertrude Stein threw away.

All this applies to darkest Stein. Mr. Brinnin and many others, including the present writer, find this territory difficult of access. Nor, of course, is one helped by having learned one's way around in, say, *Finnegan's Wake* and *Four Quartets.* On the contrary, a knowledge of Joyce's or Eliot's methods sets one to looking in Gertrude Stein for meanings and values according to the principle of association. But this is the wrong principle to apply to, for example, *Tender Buttons.* Gertrude Stein was insistent that she was not practicing "automatic writing" or working in any literary convention, such as Surrealism, related to automatic writing. No release of unconscious impulses, her own or those of fictional characters, is intended. She must, in fact, have devoted much labor to eliminating such suggestions. Thus the body of her theory and writing at its most advanced occupies an anomalous position among the various modern schools.

THE USUAL THEORETICAL objections to her work are persuasive; yet between them and her work there is always a certain accusing margin of doubt. Poets have found her work exciting, however inexplicably so, as if words in themselves might in certain circumstances appeal to some receptive apparatus in man that is comparable to what people call extrasensory perception. This is not, on the whole, the experience of the present writer in the farther reaches of Gertrude Stein. Yet, read aloud, certain passages in, say, *Tender Buttons,* do make their effect, especially if read in the company of people prepared to laugh. The silent reader expects familiar rewards for his efforts. The *viva voce* reader is more apt to take what comes and make the most of it. To the ear, when it is lent freely to a given passage, the contrast stands out between, on the one hand, the perpetual flow of non-sequiturs in the passage and, on the other, the air of conviction conveyed by the very definite words, the pregnant pauses, the pat summary phrases ("This is this," "It is surely cohesive," "It is not the same."); and the mingling of apparent conviction with transparent nonsense throughout the passage takes on its own kind of momentary sense, giving rise (if the reader is lucky) to a wondering laugh. As one of the pat phrases suggests, "It shows shine." Does it also *show Stein?* If so, reading these tongue-twisting words aloud helps to bring the pun to light. So too with the occasional rhymes and jingles strewn through this prose: they also come alive better when spoken.

Tender Buttons is probably Gertrude Stein's most "private" performance. The

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verbal still lifes in that book defy even Mr. Donald Sutherland, the critic who, in *Gertrude Stein: A Biography of Her Work,* has made more headway than anyone in interpreting her. Here is a passage (surely very beautiful) from "Lend a Hand or Four Religions" (published in *Useful Knowledge,* 1928), followed by Mr. Sutherland's comment:

> First, religion. She is feeling that the grasses grow four times yearly and does she furnish a house as well. . . . Let her think of a stable man and a stable can be a place where they care for the Italians every day. And a mission of kneeling there where the water is flowing kneeling, a chinese christian, and let her think of a stable man and wandering and a repetition of counting. Count to ten. He did. He did not. Count to ten. And did she gather the food as well. Did she gather the food as well. Did she separate the green grasses from one another. They grow four times yearly. Did she see some one as she was advancing and did she remove what she had and did she lose what she touched and did she touch it and the water there where she was kneeling where it was flowing. And are stables a place where they care for them as well.

> One might say that the essence of this passage is the phrase "as well"—a sort of welcome to anything that is there to come into the composition, such a welcome being the genius of France and as often as not of America. The coherence of the passage, which consists in a sort of melodic progress of consideration, is between the rational French discursiveness and the rambling American sympathy as Whitman had it. But more important is the kind of existence expressed here. The existence of the woman in the passage is intimately involved with the existence, growth, and movement of things in the landscape. Her kneeling and the water flowing and the grass growing four times yearly and the caring for Italians are all part of the same slow natural living of the place and the world.

In serious literary circles, as distinguished from the large public, Gertrude Stein's real accomplishments were always known. There, her influence was at one time considerable, though it worked in very different ways and degrees on different individuals. It was known that her writing had influenced, in certain respects, Sherwood Anderson and, later, Hemingway. It was supposed that Steinese had found echoes in Don Marquis' *archy and mehitabel* as well as in the difficult poetry of Wallace Stevens, who once wrote "Twenty men crossing a bridge,/ Into a village,/ Are/ Twenty men crossing a bridge/ Into a village." Her insistence on the primacy of phenomena over ideas, of the sheer magnificence of unmediated reality, found a rapturous response in Stevens, a quiet one in Marianne Moore. In *Axel's Castle,* Edmund Wilson's discriminating study of modern literature published as early as 1931, she had a chapter to herself, as had, in each case, Yeats, Valéry, Eliot, Proust, and Joyce. *Axel's Castle* was a decisive event in the history of modern reputations. Wilson had some doubts as to Gertrude Stein's readableness in certain books but few doubts as to her general importance. Steinese and its inventor had become reputable.

BY THE TIME she died, in 1946, at the age of seventy-two, Gertrude Stein had become something she wanted still more to be, historical. Beginning with *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (1932) she had developed unsuspected capacities for writing intelligibly and charmingly. The universal surprise at this fact, combined with the intrinsic fascination of the book, made it a best seller. And dire though the *Autobiography* is with special pleading, it remains one of the best memoirs in American literature.

The improvement in her literary status disturbed for a while her firm sense of herself and her place in the world. "Money is funny," she said quizzically as the royalties poured in. But she soon embraced her new role and played it with good-humored dignity. Returning to America for the first time since 1903, she lectured to sizable audiences across the country. And following World War II she became a kind of oracle and motherly hostess to American military personnel in liberated Paris. Just before her death her sayings and doings over there were much in the news in America, and her later writings, cast in a much modified Steinese, were sought by the popular magazines. She seems to have died at peace with herself, her natural craving for recognition

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to some extent satisfied. At least she died firmly in character, having delivered from her hospital bed the last specimen, and one of the most searching and comical specimens, of Steinese. "What is the answer?" she inquired, and getting no answer said, laughing, "In that case, what is the question?"

F. W. DUPEE *is professor of English at Columbia. The above essay will serve as the Introduction to a forthcoming Modern Library edition of Gertrude Stein's writings.*

* * *

A JEW'S AMERICAN DILEMMA

Loren Baritz

IN ORDER TO understand some of the problems which I, as a Jew, face or feel in America today, I find it helpful to think of the stretch of time from 1890 to 1945 as one moment in the history of Jews. But *one* moment. I find it helps to think that because this is one period of time the decision to migrate to America made by Jews during the very early 20th century had an immediate effect on decisions made by Jews and their enemies during the Third Reich. Viewed in this way, the great Jewish migration from Europe at the turn of the century had terrible consequences that reached forward into Nazi Germany and profoundly affected the lives of European Jews. No one individual can be blamed for the terrible consequences. Blame is misplaced, since it is the objective fact of the total migration to America that has meaning, and no single individual can be held morally culpable even if he took part in the wandering westward. Blame cannot be put, but it can be taken. That cannot be avoided. Maybe it is the most blameless who are the guiltiest.

The Jewish and personal meaning of the migration to America now seems clear to me. It is because part of America's understanding of itself, and my understanding of the Jewish meaning of the 20th century, come together in my mind when I anguish over the course of European affairs that, sometime or other, I should face my moral question. I face it publicly in order to find out if I am alone. To understand at least a part of this moral question helps me to understand both more of America and more of myself as a Jew.

Compared to world Jewry, I, as an American Jew, am safe and rich. That is what my own family came for. They believe that they came so long ago, about fifty or sixty years ago. They have worked for what they have, and they have wrapped their children in a thick layer of America so that they and their children may forget their participation in recent Jewish history as well as their membership in the wider, non-American community of Jews. They may try to forget.

Thank God, I said when I heard those strange yet familiar names, like Treblinka and Auschwitz—thank God I am lucky and safe and American. I closed my ears and pretended that I did not hear the silence with which I and the world responded to those strange familiar names. I closed my mind and pretended that I did not suffer guilt for being alive during a long, long moment when to be a Jew meant to die. We came to America, I said to myself, before the trouble began, and are therefore free. Free from what? Free to do what?

Did not we almost safe American Jews finally beat the Selection System of the extermination camps? Did not our earlier escape reduce the chances of any particular European Jew? Did we not beat the Nazi extermination system by selecting ourselves for life before Selection began in earnest? If the concept of the community which is quite central in Jewish secular and theological thought means anything, it means to me that I, as an American member of the Jewish community, left the European members of the same community as my representatives in the Old Country. It means that I am safe because the Europeans died in my place. That is the business of a representative: to act for another.

When, however, did the representative, the still European Jew, agree to represent me? When did he agree to personify absent members of his community? He became a representative through another's exercise of will. He was elected when we had fled westward in search of—what? Peace? Plenty? But not identity as Jews. *That* we already had, and it may have been a rejection of that identity that drove us westward. For how many was the trip not a retreat from, but a search for? Typically, the historical wander-

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ing Jew retreated because he had to; he did not leave his last place of exile in order to improve his social or economic position. For those Jews who stayed or were left behind in 20th-century Europe, their identity as Jews was left unimpaired. How quickly the entire Jewish community learned that such identity was not a matter of individual will, but was raised by the Nazis into a branch of their version of an objective science. Jewishness, the Nazis said, was a quantity as well as a quality, and thus could be accurately measured. Nazis made Jewishness palpable, and made the will of the victim irrelevant. The European Jew was left with his identity, and he had no choice. And my vision shows me that, in my case at least, participation in that immemorial urge to wander westward left those who stayed home to speak—die—for me. Who asked the Jews who remained whether they agreed? They had no choice.

AMERICA HAS BEEN involved in such guilt-by-wandering for a very long time. When the Puritans came away from England they were accused of hurting their cause in England. A Civil War could have been and was predicted, and some of the best of the Puritan community made their contribution to the Puritan cause in England by sailing westward, by leaving the country. The charge that the American Puritans actually helped the wrong side of the English struggle when they went off in search of their Wilderness Zion got under their American skin. The charge made them nervous, and they finally answered it by going farther instead of by reaching back. In their Americanism they destroyed their Puritanism.

To the wilderness saints, and many of their descendants, America came to mean virtue and the future as Europe grew to mean vice and the past. Finding their most instructive parallel in the heroes of Jewish history, the Puritans Hebraicized their thinking to the point where they thought of themselves as a "Christian Israel" having come from a new "land of Egypt" with James I as "Pharaoh" and the Atlantic as "the Red Sea." They thought of themselves as a Chosen People who were involved in a community of saints. But they knew or felt that the community was larger than Massachusetts Bay, that the decision to launch the Great Migration seriously affected the saints who stayed at home. The guilt contributed to the final and perhaps inevitable result: saints became Yankees.

America has always been involved in this guilt-by-wandering. Archibald MacLeish put the hope this way:

> *East were the*
> *Dead kings and remembered sepulchres:*
> *West was the grass.*

How may one play in that western grass when the eastern kings are killed only by one's flight from them? When the more deeply rooted and stable members of the community still face a living past? The American must forget the old kings, his own eastern background, or else the Puritan and American Dream of building a new Zion will be impossible. The American must forget; everything depends on it. If he thinks hard enough maybe he really can forget those hostile and angry kings. Perhaps the American can will the extermination of the past. But if somewhere in his self he broods over the fact that the death of an evil past is only a victory of his own consciousness, a victory of his ability to hide from a still existing reality, he must then ask about the consequences of his newly found safety. With this self-awareness he must face the guilt and ask the next questions: does America have a right to exist, and do I have a right to it? Who pays the price of America? Are they willing? Throughout America's history immigrants arrived in flight from experienced or imaginary evil, and whispered that their flight contributed to the hurt of those who stayed, and those who would yet be born to stay.

Dispersion was the Jew's affliction and America's nourishment. America was made from those in Galut, those in physical and spiritual exile—some Jews and many others. The decision to hazard the Atlantic and face the trials either of a raw wilderness or of an unknown society was almost always based on an anterior rejection of the familiar, the European. From the beginning of America to the Third Reich, Americans told themselves that their new nation could function as a land of displaced persons. Having come, those millions of migrants had to begin that curious and perhaps unique American habit of asking who they were. They had to begin

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because they were trying to wipe out the past, break their own continuity. What is an American? Loud and powerful national voices have told us that he is a "new man," a healthy and active participant in a new republic of virtue. He is new because his Galut is over; he has found home. Now he too may dream the American Dream. Now he too may hope that his children will "have it better." Because of America's rejection of the past, of the fierce commitment to the notion that this land will start anew, the American Jew is pulled apart. To be a Jew is to remember. An American must forget.

The American can dream his Dream only if he forgets. He must not remember his status in an older and eastern community. If he thinks of himself as new, he persuades himself that he will be. Even now he continues to tell himself that the newest is the best, that youth is better than age. And how could he be new if his memory came westward with him? The single act of memory would destroy all that he came for, all that he had built. It would create those restraining ligaments that would tie him to his former self and former community. His natural body is old and he must join a new, a perpetually young, body politic. I regard the hoary body of Jewry as the fatal memory that would make my own entrance into the new body absolutely impossible. I must forget. Daniel Bell* economically described the Jewish need to remember: "to be a Jew is to be part of a community woven by memory —the memory whose knots are tied by the *yizkor,* by the continuity that is summed up in the holy words: *Yizkor Elohim nishmas aboh mori:*—'May God remember the name of. . . .' The *yizkor* is the tie to the dead, the link to the past, the continuity with those who have suffered and, through suffering, have made us witness to cruelty and given us the strength of courage over pride."

My family did not come to America to remember. They came voluntarily. Before the massive exodus to America the Jews had been compelled to wander, evidently not by the suffering they had experienced in almost ubiquitous pogroms, but by the actual legislated or legally decreed expulsion from one country after another: from England in 1290 and France in 1306, from the area of Germany in the 14th century, and from Spain in 1492, that year of years. The Jew could live in Galut because in his wanderings he had not been lured by the new land, but had been compelled to leave the old. He had fled not from suffering, not from Galut, but because he had been ordered to leave his home, had been ordered to wander. America was different. It lured. It promised the end of Galut, the beginning of tomorrow, the start of a new life.

Once we arrived, we were exposed to those aspects of the New World which militated against the traditional insulation or aloofness of the Jew in exile, against the act of memory which almost always had been the Jew's essential weapon in his movements over the face of Europe. Almost always he had managed to resist the particular physical locale of his Galut by remembering his participation both in history and in the Jewish community. But because when we moved to America we responded to a psychological reversal promised by the American Dream —a promise of the end of Galut—we became more susceptible to the incursions of American utopianism, of America's rejection of the past, of age, and of continuity with Europe.

AFTER THE EMANCIPATION and assimilation of the 19th century in Europe, some Jews could no longer face the conditions of exile. They had traveled so far that the final long step to heaven on earth seemed possible. To heaven; away from exile; away from self. When the Holy Land and the new God's Country became confused in our minds, our exodus to the New Zion betrayed an almost unique voluntarism which for millennia Jews had been saving for the final march home. America demanded a finality too, one that touched us where we were weak: our fears and anxieties were over; we had found a new home, and could tell ourselves that it was just as good as or even better than the old home for which Jews had suffered and waited so long.

Thinking of myself as a rightful member of the community of Jews, I must come close to rejecting the motives which led my family westward in the first place. Doing this, I must know that my metaphysical self was left behind even though my physical self is

* "Reflections on Jewish Identity," in COMMENTARY, June 1961.

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safe in the New World. Even if I can live with that schizophrenia, I know that the safety of my physical self is rejected by my other self. I know that Nazis destroyed natural bodies, not metabodies.

I have several impossible alternatives. Because I am an American, I must take the Puritan model and forget my Jewishness. I cannot. If I remember my Jewishness, I must ask the questions no man can ask. May one ask oneself: who died in my place? How many died in my place? It can't have been a child. May one ask the questions even once, and be the same ever again? And just what does the building fund or the United Jewish Appeal have to do with the fact that, for me, to be an American Jew is a physical and psychological reality, and a moral impossibility?

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* * *

AS EUROPE STANDS BY

François Bondy

AS A EUROPEAN, whenever I read that "the West" ought to understand this-or-that aspect of Soviet policy, or be aware of this-or-that danger, or be ready to seize such-and-such an opportunity, I wonder who exactly is being exhorted. If it is the United States, that is one thing. For the United States is an autonomous great power, fully able to engage in the "contest of will," or "competitive coexistence," or the "balance of terror" —in short, capable of meeting any Soviet "challenge." But if by "the West" is meant the totality of the countries joined in the Atlantic alliance (and some democracies outside the alliance, such as Sweden and Switzerland) then I am not so sure that I understand how this collective entity should go about acting in accordance with its ideals, or its interests, or even its will to live. For three very relevant and difficult questions immediately come to mind: (1) the European democracies and German reunification; (2) Western Europe's contribution to its own defense; and (3) the special problems of anti-Communism in Europe. I can of course deal only summarily with these questions here.

(1) The plain fact is that the democratic neighbors of the German Federal Republic —all of them, including the Federal Republic's allies and its partners in the Common Market—are totally indifferent to the cause of German reunification; perhaps even secretly hostile and fearful. Yet it is also true that reunification would in effect mean the right to self-determination for that part of the German people now living under a system it loathes. Reunification would also constitute a kind of "decolonization" inside the Soviet empire. Now progressive minds all over the world today—and especially in the new states of Africa and Asia—have a fervent attachment to the values of self-determination and decolonization. Is it not, then, a mistake to fail to insist on them in Europe, a part of the world where, for once, these two "freedoms" would entirely profit the West?

But even inside West Germany, neither the government nor any large segment of public opinion feels as strongly about the cause of reunification as might be expected. There are leaders of opinion who reproach the government and the public for their apathy, branding it as the consequence of a society given over to the callous pursuit of material gain. (Have these leaders forgotten that this same "materialistic" prosperity has made it possible for three million Germans from the Soviet zone to build a new life for themselves in the Federal Republic?) We ourselves must look to some other causes for the meager interest of the West Germans in reunification: the shock of total defeat, for example, which has not yet been absorbed; and the widespread feeling, among the intellectuals and professionals, of German guilt for the war, whose effects—even when unjust—are after all the consequences of the policy pursued by the Third Reich: a German state. Many Germans, among them Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, are afraid that the subordination of everything else to the rebuilding of a united Germany might lead to the re-emergence of a strong German nationalism, which might lead in turn to a break between the Federal Republic and the neighboring European democracies. Surely, after the European solidarity which they now enjoy, German democrats must

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fear any possible return of their old isolation.

The truth is that the West Germans' lack of passion about the fate of the East Germans, whom they know to be subjected to one of the worst dictatorships in the world, reflects a feeling of simple helplessness. West Germans are aware that the question of reunification is a broad one, of the utmost importance to all East Europe, not to be resolved by any unilateral action of Germany alone. If such is the state of mind of the West Germans, how much harder must it be to arouse any active sympathy for the cause of the oppressed East Germans among the French, Italians, or Norwegians! The memory of German totalitarianism is still fresh: the fear of a new imbalance in "little Europe" has not yet disappeared.

However, in East Germany the Russians have set up the weakest of all their Communist systems, and their withdrawal, therefore, has always seemed negotiable; it is a fact that the Soviet Union is embarrassed and compromised by Ulbricht's unpopular regime. It was along these lines, until last year, that the German socialists reasoned. Had not the Russians finally moved out of their zone in Austria? Why should they not do the same in Germany? The answer is, probably, that the collapse of the East German "people's democracy" would have a serious demoralizing effect on the other satellite countries of East Europe. The key claim of the Soviet Union would be compromised: "You are the past, we are the future"—withdrawal from East Germany would instantly transform that "future" into a past as embarrassing as Stalin's corpse. . . .

SELF-DETERMINATION has made progress under Communism, but only in nations with a distinct historical identity. Yugoslavia dared to break with Stalin; Poland established a relatively more liberal system; and Albania, supported by a very distant ally, is bold enough to resist Khrushchev. The one place where Communism and nationalism have been unable to enter into an alliance toward greater self-determination, either in foreign relations or domestic affairs or both, is precisely the Deutsche Demokratische Republik.

The Western alliance has failed to profit from the great psychological and political advantages opened up by the weakness and unpopularity of the Ulbricht regime. There are several reasons for this. Chiefly, the governments of the European Community still lack that sense of solidarity which would cause any one of them to feel itself injured by the injuring of any other. These separate governments still react as nationalists concerned with a European balance of power—though it is clear that the importance of the traditional balance-of-power system has been greatly diminished by new relations in world forces. The Common Market has made obvious the need and desirability of economic unity; political unity is still being resisted. "Europe," as we saw, was unable to take advantage of the workers' uprisings in East Berlin, or the Hungarian and Polish revolutions. Nor have any of the European democratic movements seemed able to profit measurably from the latest crisis in the European Communist parties since the 22nd Congress. The horizon has not widened; a nationalist mentality still operates, and some small "great powers" still dream of a sovereignty defined by the rules of a vanished past.

The Anglo-French Suez expedition showed very clearly how firm a grip the past still has over the minds of the leaders of the West European governments. The Russians boast that it was they, their threats, that put a stop to the enterprise. But any European must have been struck not so much by the Franco-British withdrawal in face of world-wide opposition (including both the United States and the USSR) but by the fact of the adventure itself. Not only did Suez distract attention from the Russian troubles in Hungary: it was bound to remind all the uncommitted nations of the imperial past of France and Britain. The Hungarian revolt had opened up prospects of freedom for the whole Continent, a popular democratic revolution was taking place in the very heart of Europe—yet the leaders of the two major European democracies were busy with their Suez expedition. Here was indeed a measure of the incapacity of the European democracies to act in accordance with the higher common interest of European freedom.

(2) We come now to the second question. Western Europe, now undergoing a tremendous economic expansion, is collectively as rich in manpower and resources

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as either of the two Great Powers. We know that the Russians have the capacity to wage a limited, conventional war. Why then has Western Europe, in its own interest, failed to prepare itself for such a war? Switzerland is almost the only European country to think in these terms of self-defense, just as Sweden is almost the only one preparing for civil defense against nuclear war. But of course these two countries are neutral, and are therefore forced to rely on their own efforts—and not on American might—to defend themselves.

The turning point in Europe's defense came in August 1954, when the majority of the National Assembly—a negative coalition including Communists and nationalists of the extreme right—rejected the Defense Community which France herself had conceived and her five partners had accepted. We are still suffering from that blow to the European Defense Community. Since then, France, engaged in the Algerian war, has contributed only minutely to its own land defense while withdrawing its Mediterranean fleet from the authority of the NATO high command. The contrast between the weakness of the French military contribution and the firmness of General de Gaulle's attitude on the Berlin question has—to put it mildly—astonished everyone.

For reasons too numerous to be analyzed here, Italians have demonstrated a desire for much greater independence within the framework of the Atlantic alliance. Lucky in no longer being confronted with any problems of "decolonization," Italy has enjoyed an extraordinary economic growth. But its leaders suffer from being looked upon as belonging to a minor country, in comparison, for example, with France which is still supposed to be one of the big powers. In Italian business circles and among intellectuals, there are strong pro-neutralist currents. When we recall how far away the Italian managerial and intellectual elites had moved from the old nationalism toward the idea of European unity, we see that they are now somewhat in retreat. And the same thing is beginning to be true of the German Federal Republic.

IF EUROPEANS ARE to cooperate, as they must, they cannot avoid having common political institutions. Without these, without the sense that they are together in a vast common enterprise, Europeans will inevitably restrict themselves to their economic concerns, and leave to America the responsibility of attending to the important political and military problems. But is it not Khrushchev's professed purpose to paralyze Western Europe? It is not the United States he directly threatens, but the free part of Europe. Therein lies the paradox. Finally, though I shall not here discuss the special situation of Great Britain, I believe that its relation to the Continent confirms my contention that "the West" does not really exist as a body inside Europe.

(3) If a Europe divided into indefensible sovereign states has refused to face up to its military responsibilities, has it at least faced the psychological challenges of competitive coexistence? I think not; for it seems to me that the internal Communist threat has not called forth the counterthrust we have a right to expect of governments and their leaders of opinion. The question is of course why, and there is a whole series of explanations. To begin with, let us recall a fact that everybody here in Europe knows, but which Americans may not always grasp in all its implications: it was under the banner of anti-Communism that totalitarianism, war, and tyranny were experienced by those of us who live in free Europe. Spain and Portugal, which are part of our Western Europe defense system, to this day use anti-Communism as a chief justification for their dictatorial, reactionary systems.* Even the European democrat who sees the greatest present danger in an expanding Communist empire, and not in the vanished Third Reich, will be very careful to distinguish his anti-Communism from that of the Nazi or fascist, or the simple reactionary. Echoes of reactionary anti-Communism can still be heard throughout the countries of Europe. Italy has its neo-Fascist party, and France the OAS, whose terrorists and professional murderers have their open supporters in the most respectable circles. Germany harbors the remnants of a nostalgic nationalism, especially among certain student organizations. Fear that the anti-Communist cause may help to bring to

* The Spanish regime has been recently praised by Mr. Dean Rusk in more glowing words than formerly by the late John Foster Dulles.

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power an extreme nationalism, or even some kind of fascism, is not merely imaginary.

And that is not all. In France many intellectuals, firmly anti-Communist since Budapest, now are joining committees investigating cases of torture, disappearance, and injustice involving the Algerian war (the Audin Committee, the Djamila Boupacha Committee, etc.), and they are associated in these committees with Communists—though in 1956 these same intellectuals had vowed never to cooperate again with those who applauded the Russian tanks in Budapest. It is hard to fight more than one cause at a time, and with equal fervor. For many leftist or even liberal Frenchmen, the menace of the OAS, the police brutality against the Algerian demonstrators in Paris, have created the impression that the more urgent fight is the one against the right. Frenchmen are reluctant to join in protesting the oppression and injustice behind the Iron Curtain: they must first show, they feel, that they are fully aware of the oppressions and injustices at home, brought on by the Algerian war.

Many German democrats feel that, in the light of the Nazi past, Germans had better be reserved about expressing moral indignation over others' misdeeds. One may argue, explain that there is a hierarchy of dangers, etc.—but it must be realized that the feelings I have described exist, are genuine. Here, too, of course, morality and self-interest commingle. Many West European attitudes have been shaped by the belief that the USSR will triumph, that the future belongs to the Communists; "progressivism" therefore offers a clear conscience of noble idealizing at no risk. Just the same, it is futile to try to disentangle the "noble" from the less "noble" reasons. They combine to create the psychological climate which prevents taking advantage of the present deep crisis among the Communist adherents in France and Italy; if somewhat more is being done in Italy, it is because Italy, unlike France, does not have a colonial war on its hands. In short, the "third death" of Stalin has been no more made use of to attract Communists to the democratic parties than was the aftermath of the 20th Congress—from "Stalin's second death" to the Polish and Hungarian uprisings.

The anti-Americans, the "Atlantists," the nationalists, even the neutralists in free Europe at present rest easy in the belief that the United States will be responsible for their safety. Such an attitude, aside from being unworthy, is unrealistic. There exists among us the tendency to view Soviet threats and oppression in East Europe as episodes in a struggle between the Russians and the Americans in which the West Europeans are mere onlookers. In reality, we are not bystanders, but the stake for which the struggle is being waged. The struggle is over us and our future, and it is we who will have to become the determining factor of that future. But Europeans will not take over their full responsibilities until the European continent, or at least a nucleus of European nations, has set up the necessary structure for meeting the Communist challenge. To do what needs to be done, in our own interest as Europeans and in the interest of the West as a whole, Europe must begin to exist.

FRANÇOIS BONDY *is editor of the monthly magazine* Preuves, *published in Paris.*

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LETTERS FROM READERS

More on Civil Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . . Suppose that the Kahn and the Fromm-Maccoby positions on the kind of attack we might experience are equally accurate as statements of probability and that these are the only two possibilities in a war. Now the probability of either of these eventualities occurring is the same as that involved in the toss of a coin, 50 per cent. If we discount the Fromm-Maccoby view by this figure, their argument that we should have no civil defense because it would not be effective in the kind of war we *would* have, would have to be recast to read: "We should have no civil defense because it would not be effective in the kind of attack we have a *50–50 chance* of having."

Kahn's position, however, suffers no such debilitation from claiming too much. . . . If his view is discounted by 50 per cent, it comes out: "We should have a shelter program because it would be effective in the kind of attack we stand a 50–50 chance of having." Certainly this is a meaningful proposition, given appropriate answers to many other implicit questions held constant in both illustrations. . . . Even with a considerably lesser discounting of the Fromm-Maccoby position and a far greater discounting of Kahn's position, the conclusions just illustrated still obtain. The real problem in the civil defense viewpoint is knowing where the costs of an effective program become too large for advantages only barely discernible. . . .

Of special interest because the statement comes from a renowned psychiatrist is the discussion of the psychological impact of a nuclear attack. Fromm and Maccoby draw heavily on the history of the Black Death to conclude that man could not psychologically survive a nuclear war. But their argument is considerably weakened by the omission of several factors. There had been a whole series of plagues, a weakening confidence in the Church, protracted wars, restrictive trade practices, and a depression that began *before* the Black Death of 1348–49. And surely individuals in the 14th century reacted very differently to a disease of unknown origin than people would react today to an attack from a known enemy. . . .

Fromm and Maccoby rather surprisingly seem to join those who complain that the "wrong" people would survive a nuclear war. This point is sufficiently answered by noting that in a democracy it is not permissible, as a matter of governmental action, to discriminate on the basis of personal characteristics, whether they be brutality or skin color. . . . Moreover the "gene pool" of traditions is not so narrowly confined as Fromm and Maccoby suggest.

Kahn has frequently pointed out that civil defense is only a partial expedient and that eventually we must get used to the idea of sacrificing some national sovereignty to establish world order and security. Many of Kahn's critics have inferred that he suggests "digging in" and learning to live underground. This may be a cover for these critics' failure to come up with much more than hand-wringing and moaning. . . . But generalizations, such as the last paragraph of the Fromm-Maccoby piece, are unfortunately the rule. No one denies the attractiveness of the ideal stated ["universal disarmament, combined with a political settlement in which neither side tries to upset the other's position"]; but as a program for current action, it is utterly useless. . . .

HENRY G. MANNE
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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

For some time I have been haunted by a suspicion that another Herman Kahn existed besides the one I thought I knew. When I read the debate in your January issue, I was relieved of all doubt—it is now clear that there is one Kahn who serves as a target for critics and another who writes things which are so disturbing that few people are able to read them straight. For those whom the debate has left puzzled it will help if the points on which the two Kahns disagree are brought out into the open.

The crucial question, of course, is whether

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nuclear war would be a catastrophe. Erich Fromm and Michael Maccoby report that their Kahn offers "cheering estimates" and deems nuclear war to be "acceptable" because it need not be catastrophic—obviously, this cannot be the same Kahn who has written that nuclear war would be "an unprecedented catastrophe, if not an unlimited one." The Kahn of Messrs. Fromm and Maccoby, "rather than frankly accepting the fact that no shelter program could save our urban population in the event of an attack against our cities," argues "that if the Russians strike first they will try to destroy our missile and SAC bases, *not* our cities"—whereas the other Kahn said, "a surprise attack out of the blue directed against population presents a virtually impossible problem of defense for those in the target areas" and wrote a major part of his book on the basis of the assumption that the 53 largest U. S. metropolitan areas were totally destroyed. Again, the one Kahn is so "short-sighted" as to neglect the possibility of city bombing because he figures, among other things, that the Russians will not have enough missiles to attack our retaliatory forces *and* our cities—whereas the other Kahn considers a city attack possible, but argues that it would be poor strategy both from a military and a psychological point of view. And so it goes—the-target-of-the-critics-Kahn "ignores" the effects of sudden shocks of great intensity in order to "make the picture rosier than it really is"—whereas the other Kahn compares the effects of sudden shocks and long continued hardships and ventures the suggestion that the former need not be worse than the latter; the one offers a "science fiction" civil defense program at 200 billion dollars—whereas the other recommends the expenditure of a half billion now and argues against spending more than 5 billion annually in later years. Finally, the one emerges as a monomaniac obsessed with the idea that nuclear war must be shown to be tolerable—whereas the other has made it clear that the civil defense measures he is advocating will at best gain us a few years of increased security, and that in order to prevent the accelerating arms race from overthrowing the precarious balance of deterrence, we must use this short period for establishing a comprehensive system of arms control through international agreement. . . .

By now, most of us know quite well what can be said against Kahn, the warmonger, adventurist, and gambler. The critics who have demolished him can be sure of our approval. Is it too much to expect that they might eventually discover and take on as their opponent the author of the book *On Thermonuclear War?*

WALTER W. MARSEILLE
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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Opponents of civil defense rely heavily on the claim that a civil defense program would render war more likely. . . . If our only interest were to avoid war, the only reasonable course would be to capitulate immediately to the Russians. . . .

The position of the opponents of civil defense seems to rest on one or both of the following grounds: (1) any civil defense program renders war *so much* more likely that *any* such program is too risky a venture; (2) no civil defense program can be at all effective against any kind of attack which the nation might suffer. Neither of these statements is true.

All sorts of civil defense programs can be conceived—from marking existing shelter areas and stockpiling medical supplies to putting the whole country underground. Perhaps some of these would make war very much more likely, but it is plausible that others would hardly increase this likelihood at all, particularly if they were explained honestly to the public. . . .

Obviously, the effectiveness of defensive measures depends on the size and kind of the attack. Against certain kinds of attack no defense at all is possible for certain people. But Erich Fromm and Michael Maccoby, who oppose civil defense, concede that even after an attack against urban centers "millions of people living in rural areas away from population centers and military installations might be saved by fallout shelters."

War may come despite the best efforts of our leaders. . . . It is to the credit of those who oppose civil defense that they perceive its dangers—of increasing the likelihood of war and of undermining the social fabric. It is not to their credit that they tend to be so infatuated with this insight that they ignore the possibility of devising some program which would decrease the destructiveness of war without intolerably increasing its likelihood and without disrupting the social order. It seems to me callous and irresponsible to oppose civil defense categorically. . . .

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To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Fromm and Maccoby seem to miss a few important points: (1) Kahn does not suggest that we give up attempts at a disarmament agreement. He suggests that shelters would offer some degree of protection if all else fails. (2) Fromm and Maccoby, like many opponents of shelters, seem insensitive to the probabilistic nature of the problem with which we are confronted. The Soviets *might* attack our cities instead of our military bases; they *might* send a 2X magnitude attack instead of an X one; people *might* be at work instead of home, etc. But, even if the chances are only 4 in 10 of saving 60 million people, isn't it worth the effort and money?

I agree with Fromm and Maccoby that Kahn tends to minimize the horrible world with which the survivors would be confronted. However, there are few philosophies which would prefer no chance of survival to one which provided even one chance in 20 of facing that world. Although it is an extreme and distasteful thought, the survivor who is aghast at the devastation *can make his own decision* about survival; he does have the opportunity to do away with himself. Without shelters, few would have that choice.

The major weak point in Kahn's argument has to do with the effect of shelter building on Soviet behavior. Kahn suggests a gradual build-up; gradual or rapid, the Russians can add, and our state of defense or intentions of defense will be discernible.

Robert J. Schreiber
Stamford, Connecticut

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Herman Kahn has convinced me that a realistic and unsentimental plan is needed to provide information now about all the unknowns that hamper our civil defense.

I propose a scientific study, in which a typical urban American community, say Cleveland, Ohio, would be bombed by the United States military with a 5 megaton bomb. Special observers from the A.E.C. and the Rand Corporation could be stationed at intervals from point zero to distances ranging up to 400 miles from the blast.

In order that this experiment be as humane as possible, the population of Cleveland could be provided with an optimum shelter program and a half hour warning before the drop.

The initial cost of this program would soon be covered by taking expensive guesswork out of nationwide civil defense, and the cost in lives would amount to only a calculated 3.9 per cent in relation to total U. S. population. The information provided could be expected to save millions of Americans later.

The Cleveland survivors would find their grief alleviated by time, and would soon begin "normal happy lives" helping the country to plan for real thermonuclear war.

Mary L. Holman
Astoria, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . . Erich Fromm and Michael Maccoby conclude, "Our own fear of Russian preemption will in turn make us more prone to strike first, and so on up the spiral." . . . . In a footnote the authors observe that Herman Kahn "comprehends the war-provoking aspect of a large civil defense program." I think this provocative aspect of civil defense should be emphasized, especially since it is masked in Kahn's article. Characterizing people who appeal to "self-fulfilling prophecy" as "being less rational than superstitious," Kahn writes, "They object to civil defense in much the same way that some women will object to an examination for cancer or some men will object to buying life insurance. . . . It is an indisputable principle of everyday experience that appropriate precautions taken as a result of realistic fears ordinarily help to prevent such fears from being realized." This is one of the weakest points in Kahn's argument. . . . The cold war is not, in Kahn's sense, an everyday experience, and fear of nuclear attack is not like fear of cancer. The agent of cancer is unknown, but the antagonist in a nuclear war in the 1960's is not; and if Soviet leaders do harbor notions of attacking us or harbor fears of being attacked, then a civil defense program could affect their policies.

In the paragraph following his evasive use of an inaccurate analogy, Kahn recognizes the point of the self-fulfilling prophecy argument but conceals its force. "The problem in launching a civil defense effort," he says, "is similar to the problem that exists in all our military programs; to find the line above which we cannot go without provoking the Soviets into greatly accelerated efforts." In pursuing a civil defense program at a "strategic pace," the United States either would gain a strategic advantage over the Soviet Union, or both countries would develop similar civil defense. The first possibility could easily cause the Soviets to

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feel endangered and thereby precipitate an attack on the United States. The second continues the kind of nervous balance that exists at present. Finally, it should be stated bluntly that the "greatly accelerated efforts" which a civil defense program could arouse in the Soviets might be military efforts.

The greatest threat of nuclear war lies in one power's believing that it is weaker than an aggressive enemy. But neither power will allow the other to achieve a strategic advantage. . . . Nuclear war would probably be used only as a desperate defense. Nevertheless, and before millions of suffering people, the world's two richest countries [could] engage in a useless, and perhaps self-fulfilling, war.

RICHARD COWAN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Kahn is so middle class in his saving, so genteel. He speaks about people emerging into a post-atomic-war world and leading "useful and decent lives." (Why should some not lead useless and indecent lives?) In other words Mr. Kahn always seems to be talking about the solid, respectable, middle-class American when he talks about anyone emerging into a brave burnt world. Has he thought about a shelter program for prisons or mental institutions? And beggars and thieves and pickpockets, shall they not be saved too? . . .

Nor does Mr. Kahn talk about shelters for Indians on reservations who may be endangered by fallout-laden winds, or about Eskimos, or our neighbors the Canadians and the Mexicans, the Haitians, the Puerto Ricans, or our allies who will certainly suffer in case of an atomic war: the British, the Scots, the Turks, the Laplanders, the French, the Belgians, the Sicilians, the Manxmen, the Frisians, the Faroese. . . .

Mr. Kahn talks not only about saving human beings but about preserving ideals, values, institutions—all Western ones, not Far Eastern or Near Eastern ones, to be sure. And economic ones, specifically, I suppose, since he talks about economic not cultural recovery. Why doesn't he or his colleagues propose vaults under the Rockies for the contents of all our great libraries and museums, copies of all the creative works done by man? We could then come to the surface after the fires have died down and the fallout has been washed away and sit around on rocks and read Shakespeare's *King Lear,* Dante's *Inferno,* Goethe's *Faust,* Eliot's "The Waste Land," Yeats' "The Second Coming." These I presume the widely read Mr. Kahn has read to gain his knowledge of man.

No, I am afraid that Mr. Kahn is too square. Should we make him our Saviour?

HAROLD J. ENRICO

Cosmopolis, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In line with Fromm and Maccoby's final statement that there is only one way out, "universal disarmament, combined with a political settlement in which neither side tries to upset the other's present position," your readers may be interested to learn of a positive program initiated here in December.

A group of women has formed a nonprofit corporation called Shares in the Future. Shareholders receive a certificate stating that the dividend is payable "in strengthened hope for a peaceful world." The shares are available in denominations from $1 to $500. The money goes to the United Nations for the support of peace and disarmament in such a way that it does not reduce the assessment of member nations. We feel that this plan helps to strengthen the United Nations while demonstrating that individuals believe there are honorable alternatives to war.

MINNA W. HEWES

Boulder, Colorado

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The Kahn–Fromm/Maccoby debate avoids rather than faces up to the "one legitimate accusation" proffered by Eric Bentley in his letter ("Letters to the Editor") in the same issue. COMMENTARY and other serious magazines go on debating "Western Values and Total War" and the problems of civil defense and survival, but they do it without inviting the participation of the oft-invoked pacifists. . . .

Kahn tells us: "We may have to decide between the risk of immediate war and appeasement or surrender, with whatever that entails in terms of future risks." The pacifist, contrary to his critic's charge, does not accept the "appeasement or surrender" half of this equation. As a matter of fact, he chooses "war" but without violence. But who has been willing to listen to, or to sharpen up, the pacifist's attempt to spell out a realistic, practicable policy based on the social and political organization of nonviolence? The more usual reaction is, simplistically, to say, "It can't be done," and to fail to examine what has just been rejected. . . .

The pacifist can accept "disarmament"

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not because he sees the absence of weapons as an end of conflict, but because he would "arm" himself and his side with a new weaponry which would make nuclear war and conventional war outmoded. . . . This would mean the training and equipping of nonviolent armies nationally and internationally, plus training whole populations to defend their civilization and its values by being true to those values even when the chips are down. It would mean spending large sums to refine, improve, and make more powerful our methods of nonviolence, just as we now become ever more adept at violence. . . .

ROY C. KEPLER

Burney, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The tactics of Herman Kahn's liberal critics are certainly curious. First, consider their target. Living in a jungle of nation-states; in desperate need of world political institutions; in the midst of a global population explosion; victimized by mass culture and megalopolis on the one hand, or by hunger, disease, and colonialism on the other; in short, faced by unprecedented social and political problems, we seem to listen increasingly for advice from the *politique de la physique*. Plumed in white (laboratory coats), the savants speak in the voice of ostriches, saying: "Start digging holes in the ground."

I suppose it isn't surprising to hear such words of political wisdom from men who have spent their most creative years with physical apparatus talking mathematics to each other. But I am amazed that their critics regard them so seriously. Fromm and Maccoby, for example: "Kahn, whose good will and great ability we do not doubt. . . ." (Why not?) "In debating the position of Kahn and other experts on civil defense we have been forced to accept their data. . . ." (Why?)

Why is it that the liberal critics insist on confronting Kahn on his best ground—the physics of extermination—and so rarely attack the political framework from which it proceeds? At first I wondered if they shared certain political assumptions. But I doubt it and am now thankful to Fromm and Maccoby for speaking to my puzzled condition most explicitly when they say: "With the life of a nation and perhaps of all mankind as the stake, it is neither wise nor sane to gamble." They ask for ". . . a political settlement in which neither side tries to upset the other's present position."

But neither wise nor sane, what if it is *necessary* to gamble? What if one's "present position" is intolerable? And if the *status quo ante* is not a highly desired goal? Fromm and Maccoby may not face these problems in their daily lives, but I suggest this is a fair description of the state of affairs endured by upward of two-thirds of the world's population. And I suspect that the critics of Herman Kahn focus on his physical calculations or the provocative features of CD rather than his political inadequacy in world affairs, because to take the latter, more difficult course might reveal some of their own inadequacies in dealing with world political problems.

At least, that's the only explanation of such behavior I've been able to deduce.

JOHN MARTINSON

Angel Island Publications, Inc.
Sausalito, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Erich Fromm and Michael Maccoby, matching Mr. Kahn's soothing assurances word for word with the futility of it all (for the sake of a point, I hope), present us with a callous, degraded society as a result of instant, widespread destruction of life and property, not to mention mass disorientation and loss of identity due to a grand rending of the social fabric. They relegate any potential for heroism, piety, and sacrifice to a few brave souls, neglecting even to consider such a possibility for society as a whole. And Mr. Kahn's optimism is hardly any better; betting on a resurrection of bourgeois values, as if they would need resurrection, is nothing more than varnish, a belief that there is enough fundamental authoritarianism in society to cope with any crisis. He is relying on herd instinct rather than Western ideals and institutions, as he would like us to believe.

If, however, seeing possibilities for human achievement in a nuclear war sounds overly optimistic, let me say that I am merely pointing out that death and suffering, even on a grand scale, is not necessarily degrading. And, to go a step further, I don't think it is too much of an assumption to say that the determining factor in most cases will be one's attitude to the war. . . .

My main point then is not a rejection of civil defense because I refuse to admit the possibility of a nuclear war. But rather that the war is not in any way just, and therefore one should refuse to participate in it even to the extent of preparing for its possibility. If it should come despite my modest dissent, I would probably make the best of it, even to

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the extent of actively participating in it, simply because there would be no choice in the matter. As things stand now there is a choice. One can choose not to participate in it now, though later one may be involved in it, like it or not. But those people who advocate civil defense with a passion, and especially those individual shelter owners who are stockpiling firearms, are already fighting a nuclear war of their own. . . . They make life the summum bonum in a war that places the least value on life, which, if not hypocritical, is at best a refusal to confront the possibility of nuclear war in any other way than the conventional. . . . If nuclear war is not accepted as something unique, demanding a unique response, then a brutalized society is already upon us and exceeds all the estimates of Messrs. Fromm and Maccoby. . . .

The object of this letter is to suggest that the very things which will help this country deter or avoid war—desire for peace, concern for social justice internationally as well as domestically, accommodation of differences, the gradual education of Americans to world realities—will also be the things that will most prepare the country for any eventuality, including nuclear war, should it come.

PAUL D. VELDE

Springfield, Ohio

Orthodox Issues

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Telling of responsa by Orthodox rabbis which "deal with a recurrent question whether a refrigerator may be opened on the Sabbath," Milton Himmelfarb ["In the Community," January] asks how "men like those who edit and write for *Tradition* believe unambiguously that such questions are serious."

Himmelfarb's reasoning goes like this: We know that work on the Sabbath is prohibited by divine command, but this does not refer to the refrigerator. An Orthodox rabbi, however, takes the matter not as lightly as Himmelfarb does because he is eager to fullfill the command rigidly (while Himmelfarb is not). . . . It is difficult for the rabbi to know exactly what is meant by "work on the Sabbath" according to today's standards because man's living conditions have changed . . . since the commandments were given.

As it turns out, rabbis are believers whereas Himmelfarb is not. Is it for this reason that Himmelfarb ridicules the rabbis? . . .

WOLF WIRGIN

Spring Valley, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb asks if men "like those who write for *Tradition*" can take seriously such questions as whether one may open a refrigerator on the Sabbath. It appears that these men have captured the terms of contemporary dialogue so well that Himmelfarb is skeptical that they can also submit to the quaint cultus of *Halacha,* the Law. . . . The modern finds it difficult to accept God's interest in little things because he projects God as the prototype of man's "higher" faculties and aspirations rather than as the creator of the world. But the traditionalist senses that the God who created and creates trivialities *has* indicated His interest in them. To the pietist the Law is a given, like life. . . . And if he does not understand it, he is satisfied to know that he acts in obedience to God, the most compelling and trustworthy of unfathomed authorities, that he acts therefore on the highest level that life gives him to act upon. . . .

(RABBI) JOSHUA WACHTFOGEL

Congregation Ohel Jacob of Oxford Circle

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's brief reflection on the traditional Orthodox trend affecting Jewry indeed constitutes an intelligent review of today's Jewish society. However as a non-Orthodox, or perhaps an anti-Orthodox, person he is not free of partiality when he asks, "But can men like those who edit and write for *Tradition* believe unambiguously that such questions are serious?"

The arguments which refute Mr. Himmelfarb's debasement of Jewish tradition and of his use of a stereotype of the traditional Jew (whom he seems to consider ignorant of modern scholarship and modern intelligence) are known. What astounds me is that one with such prejudiced ideas does not feel remorseful but displays his lack of understanding in public.

JULIUS STEINFELD

Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . A sweeping generalization appears in Mr. Himmelfarb's article: "Their people [Orthodox Jews] are more diverse in class, occupation, education (general and Jewish), national origin, and distance from immigration than the people of Reform or Conservatism—more diverse, even, in belief and practice." Reform and Conservatism are just as diverse in these categories, or even more so, than Orthodoxy. . . .

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In dealing with *Tradition,* the admittedly superior journal of the Rabbinical Council of America, Mr. Himmelfarb makes some statements which need clarification. In his discussion of the column, "Review of Halakhic Periodical Literature," Mr. Himmelfarb is concerned with the relevance of the question of permission to open an electric refrigerator on the Sabbath. The permission is arrived at by a knowledge of Jewish law and the laws of physics, not by subtlety, as Mr. Himmelfarb writes. . . .

Fortunately, there are those Jews who do discipline themselves to the commandments, and for them questions of the Sabbath are just as important as other questions such as corneal transplants, bingo in synagogue halls, illegitimate children, medical experiments on animals, the Jewish claim to the Holy Land, or the administration of Jewish Law. . . .

FREDERICK GELBER

Far Rockaway, New York

MR. HIMMELFARB *writes*:

I shall be grateful to Mr. Gelber for a few examples of Reform and Conservative congregations belonging mostly to the working class, or even the lower middle class.

Faith and Truth

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Arthur A. Cohen takes a strange position indeed in his review of Walter Kaufmann's *The Faith of a Heretic* [January], when he takes the author to task for his treatment of theologians. Mr. Kaufmann accuses Rudolf Bultmann, as a representative modern theologian, of refusing to "let one's No be a No" when faced with the myths of Christianity (Jesus' literal return to life, hell, and damnation), and considers Bultmann's silence on these subjects in his writings as evidence of dishonesty. Mr. Cohen finds this "ungracious," and asks why Bultmann should "address himself to problems and solutions he believes to be untrue," particularly when Bultmann's doubts are "marked by profound concern and personal anguish."

Bultmann's "demythologizing" of the New Testament removes from critical consideration the basic premises of Christianity, premises which Bultmann cannot accept. Nor, despite Mr. Cohen's leniency, can he escape them. Mr. Cohen inquires, "Is theology dishonest when it is not orthodox theology?" But a Christianity without (in Bultmann's words) redeemer or redemption, a Christianity without the End of Days and the salvation and damnation of souls, cannot be considered mere "unorthodox theology." It is not Christianity at all. . . ."

What would Mr. Cohen's estimate be of a physiologist who declined to consider the circulation of the blood as a biological premise even though this denial caused him "profound concern and personal anguish"? These analogies are not intended shallowly to equate theology with the physical sciences, but merely to point up the fact that intellectual method and rigor should be expected no less in theology than in other disciplines.

Mr. Cohen concludes that we must be concerned with the quest, not for honesty, but for truth. How many injustices, crimes, and horrors have been committed in the name of proclaimed truth, "truth" which the exercise of a modicum of honesty would have revealed as the nonsense it was?

BERNARD HALLOTE

New York City

MR. COHEN *writes:*

Mr. Hallote has undoubtedly mastered Walter Kaufmann's argument, but does not seem to have attempted Bultmann's. Assuming for a moment the somewhat vague analogy of theology to physiology which Mr. Hallote develops, it is possible to construe his conclusion rather more favorably than he has done. A physiologist who ignored Harvey's views on the circulation of the blood in favor of Aristotle's views in the *Historia Animalium* would unquestionably be incompetent; even if received opinion should for some reason continue to favor Aristotle. Similarly for Bultmann to "demythologize" aspects of Christian doctrine does not suggest less respect as Mr. Hallote's analogy implies but more, for the findings of comparative literature, linguistics, mythology, and religion. It is Bultmann's desire to demythologize Christianity in order to preserve it. Undoubtedly Bultmann does abandon the idea of a literal hell, a determinable parousia, or the spectacle of Son and Father seated beside each other dispensing the judgment of eternity; but Bultmann does not abandon the reality of "redeemer or redemption" or affirm a "Christianity without the End of Days." If, according to Mr. Hallote, all exegesis and interpretation is equivalent to the abandonment of orthodoxy, then either he lives in a literalist world in which neither Bultmann nor I can share or else he lives in a world so annoyed by Christian claim that he chafes at the possibility that Christianity may escape its justly deserved disappearance by starting to rethink its premises. As to Mr. Hallote's parting

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ripostes about the injustice done in the name of truth, I quite agree; but I was concerned with injustice done in the name of honesty.

In Criticism

To the Editor of Commentary:

Harris Dienstfrey's dissenting opinion on *Judgment at Nuremberg* ["Two Views of *Judgment at Nuremberg*," January; Harris Dienstfrey, Jason Epstein] is the worst bit of petulant and flatulent movie criticism I've read in a long time. . . . Nor have I read one more poorly written—that long-winded introductory "speech to the jury" about message pictures in general and Stanley Kramer's in particular should have been thrown out of court as immaterial and irrelevant. Yet Mr. Dienstfrey has the *chutzpah* to criticize the film purely on technical grounds; for example, he objects to the abrupt cutting from coffee poured into a demitasse cup to coffee poured into a paper cup. Doesn't he know that this is a transition technique in film? As a writer he should know that transitions are necessary to tie paragraphs (viz. scenes in a screenplay) together. If he doesn't know that as a writer, he should as an editor. . . .

Lili Artel

San Lorenzo, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Epstein's sententious comment on *Judgment at Nuremberg* is a particularly dispiriting example of the attitudinizing that passes for political thought these days among young intellectuals. . . .

He writes: "We are being asked to think of ourselves at the end of World War III in a position similar to that of the defendants—ourselves, ordinary men, perhaps even extraordinary men, who under the stress of a national crisis are acquiescing in crimes beside which Hitler's will seem small."

What does any of this mean? Who are the "we"? We Americans, we Russians, we the People? The moral crime of the "good Germans" is that they did not resist Hitler. Does Mr. Epstein mean, then, that "we" are in a similar position if "we" do not resist Soviet aggression? Or does he mean that "we" are guilty of moral turpitude in resisting Soviet aggression, and thus running the risk of a heinous war? . . .

Or take the conclusion: "We are also left with the idea that where there is life there is choice, and where there is choice there is also the possibility that we too may one day be called to account for decisions we failed to make, for opportunities that we may have overlooked, for alternatives we were too blind to know were there."

Does anything follow from this? Only the extraordinary profound conclusion that "where there is life there is choice. . . ."

Sam Spitz

New York City

The Drugged Lake

To the Editor of Commentary:

Daniel Fuchs ["Writing for the Movies," February] would have us believe that the Hollywood scene involved a group of lovable Damon Runyan characters and an intellectual element, striving together through heartbreak and success to achieve artistic and financial rewards. The friendships and feuds, the love matches and vendettas, the chaos and efficiencies, the ins and the outs were all part of the way a great industry arrived. And, incidentally, it was staged in a soap opera setting, not unlike 7th Avenue, New York City.

Unfortunately, Mr. Fuchs has been softened up, yes even "taken" by that Dream City or Drugged Lake which he invaded 25 years ago. He doesn't realize that this colossus has been bathed in an uninterrupted stream of mediocrity which shaped the American mentality to the point where it is unable to adjust to a changing social and economic order. . . . The movies which Fuchs has accepted as works of art could not rank even in the top 100 when compared to real cinematic works of art. The Apu Trilogy, *L'Avventura, Hiroshima, Mon Amour, Paisan, Beauty and the Beast, Great Expectations, The Seventh Seal, Open City, A Nous La Liberté, The Young and the Damned, Miracle in Milan, Children of Paradise,* and hundreds of others have never been approached by Hollywood—with the sole exception of Chaplin's pictures and possibly *Treasure of the Sierra Madre.*

Herbert Z. Given

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Correction

In the note to J. L. Talmon's article, "The Ordeal of Sir Lewis Namier," in our March issue, the title of Mr. Talmon's latest book was incorrectly given; the correct title is *Political Messianism—the Romantic Phase.* In the same article also, an error was made in the spelling of A. L. Goodhart's name, and his academic title should have read: Master of University College, Oxford.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

PRODUCING OUR ILLUSIONS

THE IMAGE: OR WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN DREAM. By DANIEL J. BOORSTIN. *Atheneum. 315 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by STAUGHTON LYND

ALL SOCIAL SCIENCE assumes that men do not fully understand the reasons why they act as they do. It presupposes that the explanations we give for our actions often cloak rather than reveal reality. These false explanations may be called "myths" or "ideologies" or "rationalizations." We invent them because the reality they conceal —whether this be the reality of sexual instinct, or class struggle, or death—is too painful to face.

In this brilliant and original book, the historian Daniel Boorstin argues that in modern America the normal and spontaneous fabrication of false reasons has given way to something far more perverse and dangerous: the deliberate and self-conscious contrivance of our mental environment. The reporting of real events has become the creation of pseudo-events by means of the press conference, the leak, and the provoked interview. The hero, who was great by virtue of the gifts of God and the slow judgment of time, has given way to the celebrity made great by his press agent. Travel, the encounter with new experience in its most obvious and physical form, is now "tourism," wherein genuine unexpectedness is artfully insulated by careful preplanning of phony thrills and adventures. The unique and inimitable form of a true work of art has been diffused and packaged until the consumer of culture obtains only what market research has ascertained he will be most likely to want: what he feels already. All experience becomes "homogenized."

Not only experience is contrived. So are the ideals and values by which we once measured experience's meaning. The ideal, which tied us to a future distinctly different from the present, has become an "image" merely mirroring what we already are. The dictionary sense of "value" was once an ethical ideal; new American dictionaries define "value" as custom. Once young men hitched their wagon to a star. Now, more sophisticated, they believe that stars were provided by the Great Salesman, along with frigidaires, as part of the interior décor.

As a historian, Boorstin can give his argument a knobby concreteness which such wide-ranging evocations of *Weltanschauung* usually lack. Step by step we see newspaper editors move from recording the news to making it. In the crude and frank improvisations of P. T. Barnum, the reader observes the bending of the twig which flourishes today as the luxuriant tangle of corporate advertising. Charles Lindbergh's painful transit from naive hero to atrocious celebrity is used as a case study.

Clearly Boorstin has also immersed himself in the daily round of the modern image-maker. Instance after instance is documented of the planned invention of a public face for a corporation, a starlet, or a president (to the technician, it hardly matters which).

Unlike many historians, however, Boorstin has not hesitated to plunge into the psychological currents which bear up and propel "the facts." In one flickering phrase after another, he sets our artificial image-world against the backdrop of the deeper perceptions and aspirations which men of other times have known. In worshipping the work of our own hands, he says, we commit idolatry. In so contriving the world that we find in it only our own reflections, we express narcissism. In con-forming to the formless forms we father, we only "pursue the phantoms of ourselves."

The wholesale devising of dreams is a paradoxical outcome of tendencies long present in American life. The seemingly hard-headed pragmatism of a Franklin or

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a William James involved a concentration on the tangible appearance of things to the exclusion of their undisclosed potentialities, and has led us on, ironically, to become the prisoners of illusions. "Without abandoning belief that we are made by our environment, we also believe our environment can be made almost wholly by us." American practicality, guilty at first merely of superficiality, has by a passage of quantity into quality become its opposite: a wellnigh insane detachment from the real world.

Let no one imagine that this tale concerns only the outer skin or superstructure of American society. Boorstin closes with a dissection of the fatuous attempt to sell an image of America overseas. But the knife cuts deeper. Highly placed bureaucrats prepare for Armageddon by manipulation of the "credibility" of the American defense "posture." That is, they plan their action by speculation as to how much what we think others see in us (for no one can observe his own posture) will in fact be believable to them. Nuclear testing, for example, was apparently resumed because of the weakness others might see in us were we not to do so. The road to hell leads right down Madison Avenue.

I QUARREL WITH BOORSTIN, however, both in his analysis of how we got this way, and in his advice as to what we can do about it.

More than once, Boorstin seems to recognize that economic forces, not merely vague psychological forces, are at work in the manufacture of the American image-world. He states that advertising is the arch-proponent of the process he describes. He recognizes that the production of images is above all the production of public relations for the great corporation. At one point he even uses the language of Marx: what America has done, he writes, is to make "all experience a commodity."

Yet he insists that the underlying pressure has been, not the concentration on selling of an economy which makes more than it can market, but—the "Graphic Revolution." As a *deus ex machina,* this is about as cogent as David Riesman's invocation of population growth to explain other-directedness, or William Whyte's notion that Elton Mayo is to blame for the Organization Man. In my opinion all these phenomena are rooted in the inability of modern capitalism to unleash its productive capacities (including those of human beings) without destroying itself in the process.

Boorstin fervently resists this conclusion. "Having read a good deal about the villains who are said to be responsible for our perplexity—the hidden persuaders, the organization men, Madison Avenue, Washington bureaucracy, the eggheads, the anti-intellectuals, the power elite, etc., etc., etc.—I am unimpressed by their villainy." The fault, dear reader, lies in yourself. You got billboards and Coca Cola because you *wanted* them. "Our real problem is personal." "Each of us individually provides the market and the demand for the illusions which flood our experience." Boorstin even has the temerity to assert that we deserve this bomb-haunted, fear-wracked life of ours because we have "extravagant expectations," because we "expect too much of the world."

Necessarily, therefore, each individual is responsible for his own emancipation. Like Riesman, like Whyte, Boorstin believes that "the hardest, most discomfiting discovery is that each of us must emancipate himself." There is a passing reference to the Freedom Riders, but evidently this is a doctrine not intended for Jackson, Mississippi.

Nevertheless Boorstin, for all his talk about extravagant expectations, really believes in the potential abundance of life, in the wonder and glory of life when we expose ourselves to it. "Each of us," he says at the very end, "must prepare himself to receive messages coming in from the outside. The first step is to begin to suspect that there may be a world out there, beyond our present or future power to image or to imagine. We should not worry over how to export more of the American images among which we live. . . . We should seek new ways of letting messages reach us; from our own past, from God, from the world which we may hate or think we hate. To give visas to strange and alien and outside notions of which neither we nor the Communists have ever dreamed and which we can never see in our mirror. One of our grand illusions is the belief in a 'cure.' There is no cure. There is only the opportunity for discovery. For this the New World gave us a grand, unique beginning."

Amen.

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THE JEWS AND JESUS

ON THE TRIAL OF JESUS. By PAUL WINTER. *Walter de Gruyter (Berlin). 216 pp. $7.00.*

Reviewed by W. D. DAVIES

THE THEME WITH which this book deals is not merely of academic interest: few events have had more momentous consequences than the trial of Jesus of Nazareth. And this is true not only for Christianity, but more tragically for Judaism. While Christian devotion at its best has often concentrated on and derived nourishment from the story of the passion of Jesus, paradoxically, it is on the role allegedly played by Jews at his trial that both the anti-Judaism of earlier times and the anti-Semitism of more recent decades have fed. The constant re-examination of the trial is, therefore, not only a matter of purely historical concern but a demand of justice—of "humanitarianism" and "religion." Christians no less than Jews are committed to such a re-examination.

The dedication of the present volume immediately evokes the stake of Jewry in the problem: "To the dead, in Auschwitz, Izbica, Majdanek, Treblinka: Among whom are those who were Dearest to me." And though such a dedication might even lead us to expect something warped by violent and pardonable partisanship, the work is, in fact, one of excellent scholarship, unconsciously revealing a spirit (may a Christian reviewer so express it?) which has miraculously transcended the inhumanities inflicted upon Jewry in our time. Paul Winter's name, already internationally known among students of the New Testament, will surely derive added luster from this work of his; and, however much disagreement the book may arouse at points, it is impossible to exaggerate the duty of both Christians and Jews to read it.

Mr. Winter has brought to his task a scholarly equipment and critical acumen which enable him to move with ease among the extremely difficult Rabbinic, Greek, and Latin sources. His treatment of such figures as Annas, Pilate, Barabbas, and others is fascinating. But what primarily concerns us here are his presuppositions; for Mr. Winter has been much influenced by the Form-critical school of New Testament exegesis. This school, as its name implies, has turned its attention to examining the forms which the tradition about the works and words of Jesus of Nazareth assumed before being recorded in the Gospels. That tradition was evolved under the pressure of the churches' needs in catechism, apologetic, discipline, liturgy, and other areas. But the writers of the Gospels were promoters of their faith rather than historians—they were not concerned, primarily at least, to preserve a record of what actually happened in the ministry of Jesus. History for them subserved the needs of religion and was accordingly moulded toward a specific purpose. The Gospels are not biographies of Jesus, testifying to the course and character of his life: rather, they are testimonies to the faith of their creators in their Master. It therefore has to be recognized by anyone examining the Gospels that their contents have passed through certain stages. These are accurately summarized in the blurb of the volume:

1. The actual historical event;
2. The primary report of the event and its interpretation in primitive preaching;
3. Secondary traditions—variants of the primary report—which evolved collaterally prior to the composition of the Gospels;
4. The coalescence of primary and secondary traditions and their adaptations at the hand of individual writers, eventually resulting in the literary construction presented in the Gospels.

Using the Form-critical approach to the Gospel accounts of the trial, Mr. Winter seeks to arrive at what actually happened—insofar as this is possible. Now his disparate results are, to be sure, not entirely new (the secondary character of the trial before the High Priest has long been urged, for example), but the totality of Mr. Winter's treatment adds up to the most powerful statement of the view that the Romans were primarily responsible for the crucifixion known to me. It is impossible in the compass of this review to particularize, but the following points in the trial scenes as given in the Gospels emerge in Mr. Winter's book as secondary or editorial, that is, considerably removed from the actual events.

1. The preliminary investigation by Annas, the High Priest (John 18:19–24).
2. A night session of the Sanhedrin in the House of the High Priest (Mark 14:53b).

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3. The mockery of Jesus in the High Priest's House (Luke 22:63–65; Mark 14:65).

4. A morning session of the Sanhedrin for the examination but not the trial of Jesus, without the passing of the death sentence (Luke 22:67–71).

5. An examination of Jesus by Herod Antipas (Luke 23:6–10).

6. The mockery of Jesus before Herod Antipas (Luke 23–11).

7. The Barabbas episode (Mark 15:5–15a).

8. Pilate's endeavor to spare Jesus' life (Mark 15:5b–11a, 12–15a; Matthew 27:18–20, 22–25; Luke 23:4, 13–16, 20–24; John 18:31, 38b, 19:56, 6b–12, 15b).

9. The scourging of Jesus by Pilate's soldiers before the passing of the death sentence (John 19:1–3).

10. The lament for Jesus (Luke 23:27–30).

In the light of all this, the author discovers an increasing tendency in the sources to magnify the role of the Jews in the accusation, arrest, and trial of Jesus. This is explained by the fact that, as the lines between Church and Synagogue became more sharply drawn, recriminatory attitudes set in between the two institutions. Admittedly, no routine answers can be given to the three most crucial questions: "Firstly, what was the immediate cause inducing the authorities to take official action against Jesus? Secondly, who took the initiative in ordering the apprehension of Jesus? Thirdly, what precisely did Jesus do to provoke police action against himself?" Nevertheless, the result of Mr. Winter's investigations is to suggest that Jesus was crucified as a political menace to Rome, probably at the instigation of Roman authorities. "The grounds for his arrest," writes Mr. Winter, "had nothing to do with personal or religious differences between Jesus and any other Jews. Rather than the content of his teaching, it was the effect which his teaching had on certain sections of the populace that induced the authorities to take action against him." The possible revolutionary impact of Jesus in politics, not his religious significance, in other words, lies behind his crucifixion. If Mr. Winter's thesis is correct, the gulf between Christianity and Judaism—created by a misinterpretation or, indeed, falsification of the Jesus of history—is even more tragic than we have previously recognized it to be. We can only ask some questions. Is the cause which Mr. Winter here presents for the crucifixion sufficient to account for the facts? Were not other, specifically "religious," issues involved? Cogent as is Mr. Winter's meticulous examination, has the isolation of his theme from the totality of the Gospel tradition impoverished his understanding of it? These questions are raised not in criticism, but in concern, at a time when Jewish-Christian relations need to be more radically examined than ever before. Mr. Winter's contribution is a desperately serious one, that cannot be ignored.

THE COMPOSITION OF THE CP

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM. By NATHAN GLAZER. *Harcourt, Brace & World. 244 pp. $5.50.*

Reviewed by DENNIS H. WRONG

WHAT SOCIAL GROUPS contributed the most members to the American Communist party from its beginnings in the early 20's to its decline in the mid-50's? What accounts for the unequal susceptibilities of different groups to Communist appeals? To what extent were the Communists successful in recruiting members from such groups as native-born industrial workers and Negroes, which for doctrinal reasons were the main targets of their organizing drives? What shifts occurred in the social composition of the party's membership as American society underwent major changes? How did the party revise its preferences for members from particular groups when its general line shifted between revolutionary "left" and popular front "right" positions?

Nathan Glazer addresses himself to these essentially sociological questions in *The Social Basis of American Communism.* Despite the implied comprehensiveness of his title, he devotes considerably more attention to some groups, notably ethnic communities, than to others, and the balance between documentation and interpretation varies markedly from chapter to chapter. Inevitably, this gives the book an uneven cast and lends a somewhat perfunctory air to the treatment of several topics. Yet his selective approach represents on the whole a wise economy of effort: the

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subject of American Communism has been dealt with rather fully in recent years, particularly by the Fund for the Republic's series on Communism in American Life, to which Glazer's volume is a contribution.

The role of immigrant groups in the party is the subject of the longest and most fully documented chapter. In spite of the party's efforts to win a following among native Americans, immigrants organized into separate foreign-language sections made up nearly 90 per cent of the party's total membership throughout the 20's. Although the top leadership included native-born individuals, the foreign-language groups were the chief raw materials from which the party fashioned the militants who carried its influence into other segments of American society in the 30's and 40's. Communist influence was greatest among immigrants from East European nations bordering on Russia who, in contrast to the Poles, were not strongly Catholic.

Industrial workers, particularly those employed in heavy industry and organized in trade unions, and Negroes were the two groups that the Communists were consistently most eager to influence. Their preference for workers in heavy industry clearly stemmed from Marxist-Leninist ideology and, as Glazer points out, they clung to it even in the late 40's and 50's when their main objective was to influence public opinion on foreign policy through the mass media rather than to paralyze the economy by revolutionary action—an objective that middle-class intellectual sympathizers were obviously more able to promote than miners or steelworkers. In a brief but perceptive chapter on the Negroes, Glazer shows that "the appeal to Negroes, the most oppressed and potentially the most radical segment of the population according to Communist theory, rises in Left periods, is muted in Right periods." The massive failure of Communist efforts to win a large following among Negroes has been thoroughly documented in several previous studies; Glazer argues, however, that for a considerable time the Communist party was unique in its rigid insistence on complete equality in all interracial contacts and that this policy created a broadly favorable image of the party among Negroes which survived into the years of the cold war.

The confrontation between the American population and the Communists, determinedly proselytizing those citizens they regarded as the most valuable converts, led to the apparent paradox that "when the party made the strongest efforts to get members, the members it got were the least satisfactory." When a worker or Negro found a new job or was aided by a new aggressive union, he soon came to believe that he had more to lose than his "chains" and was likely to leave the party as quickly as he had joined it under the stress of unemployment or involvement in a bitterly fought strike. The members conforming most closely to the Bolshevik conception of hardened, militant "cadres" were middle-class converts who had surrendered not their chains but their souls to the party, joining out of ideological conviction rather than material interest or in response to special incentives offered them. Thus the New York party, far less proletarian in composition than the Detroit party, more faithfully carried out the directives of the leadership and had a far lower rate of turnover in membership.

THE DEPRESSION enabled the party to expand its base considerably beyond its original nucleus of immigrant workers. Native-born industrial workers, drawn especially from the ranks of the unemployed, and trade union activists joined in large numbers after 1930, but there was an even more striking increase in recruits from the middle class. By 1941 no less than 44 per cent of the party was reported as professional and white collar. An important though numerically insignificant proportion of the middle-class membership were the intellectuals and artists, whose role in American Communism has been so widely and heatedly discussed in the past decade. Happily, Glazer avoids still another recounting of that oft-told tale and concentrates on the relatively neglected topic of the occupational and ethnic backgrounds of the middle-class recruits. From the middle 30's to the early 50's, the years of the party's greatest size and influence, it was almost alone among Communist parties of the Western world in possessing so marked a middle-class character.

Who were the middle-class American Communists? "Another characteristic of the American Communist party that differen-

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tiated it from almost every other Communist party in the Western world," Glazer writes, "was that a large proportion of its members were of Jewish origin. . . . The party was so heavily middle class in large part because it was so heavily Jewish." The question of why many American Jews—though, of course, they amounted to only a tiny fraction of the total American Jewish population—were attracted to Communism has rarely been fully confronted. For different reasons, the Communists, the government, and the Jewish organizations themselves have shied away from public discussion of it. Glazer's effort to deal with it is the most original feature of his book.

Yiddish-speaking Jews had constituted one of the largest foreign-language groups in the party during the 20's. But the middle-class Jews who became Communists during the Popular Front period were of the second rather than of the original immigrant generation. And most of them were strongly committed to assimilation and indifferent or hostile to all organizations concerned with specifically Jewish interests—religious, political, or cultural. Moreover, the Jewish organizations, with the exception of a few surviving Yiddish-speaking immigrant groups, were anti-Communist. Nor did the Communists, except for a few years in the late 40's, make any appeal to Jewish interests as such, beyond condemning Nazi anti-Semitism; on the contrary, the party violently opposed Zionism and Jewish "sectarianism." Glazer argues, therefore, that it was the upwardly mobile second generation's entry into white-collar work and such semi-professional occupations as social work and teaching that gave middle-class Jews a distinctive susceptibility to Communist appeals. Jews as latecomers to white-collar and professional fields frequently encountered discrimination; moreover, of the occupations they entered in the largest numbers, some, like social work, had an intellectual tradition favorable to social reform and critical of capitalist institutions, while others, like education, were at this time sympathetic to such an outlook. In short "an intricate combination of religio-cultural background, historical experience, and the special occupational history of Jews in America explains why so many Communists were Jews." Glazer attempts to unravel these separate influences with admirable sociological penetration and sureness of touch, but he is forced to concede in the end that they are inextricably interwoven.

IT IS UNLIKELY that there will be much further research of this kind on American Communism and even more unlikely that someone of Nathan Glazer's political and sociological sophistication will be available to undertake it. The very merits of his book lead me, therefore, to regret that he fails to explore even briefly—although touching on them incidentally here and there—two additional questions which would provide a needed larger context for his main subject. First, a comparison, however rough in view of the paucity of sources, of the membership of the American Communist party with that of other Communist parties in Western countries would have provided a useful epilogue to his concluding remarks on the inhospitality of American society to revolutionary Marxism. And secondly, why were the Communists, although they utterly failed to become a major force in American life, nevertheless more successful than competing radical and socialist groups?

In discussing the success of the Communists in capturing control over important trade unions and again in noting the involvement of young second-generation Jews in radical movements, Glazer observes that in particular situations it was frequently accidental *which* radical group succeeded in taking advantage of existing opportunities for power or for winning followers. Even tiny sects like the Trotskyites and the Lovestoneites were able to capitalize on their superior political skill and militance to win positions of influence in such major unions as the Teamsters and the United Automobile Workers when the mass surge toward unionism began in the middle 30's. And "such things as who his friends were, where the local headquarters was located, what his father or his uncle had been, who ran the best (social) parties" often determined whether a young urban Jew joined the Socialist party, the Communists, or one of the Marxist splinter groups. Why, then, did the Communists succeed by the end of the 30's in establishing a virtual monopoly over the radical left in America?

The obvious answers are, of course,

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broadly true: the Communists were in fact less doctrinaire and radical than other groups during the Popular Front period and they had the prestige of the Soviet Union behind them. But, as Glazer amply demonstrates with respect to other questions, the obvious answers are never sufficient to account for the facts in detail. In general, Negroes and certain groups of workers became Communists because they were oppressed and economically exploited, Jews because they suffered status discrimination, whereas businessmen, Old Americans, and farmers contributed few recruits to the party. But to explain why some of the insulted and injured were more responsive than others, and why they were more prone to join in some periods rather than others, requires the more discriminating analysis both of the Communist appeal and of the groups exposed to it that Glazer has given us. A similar analysis of the success of the Communists in their competition with other radical parties would have rounded out his study.

PURITY OF BLOOD IN SPAIN

LES CONTROVERSES DES STATUTS DE "PURETÉ DE SANG" EN ESPAGNE DU XVE AU XVIIE SIÈCLE. (THE DISPUTES OVER THE "PURITY OF BLOOD" STATUTES IN SPAIN, FROM THE 15TH TO THE 17TH CENTURY). BY ALBERT A. SICROFF. *Didier (Paris)*, 1960.

Reviewed by ELLIS RIVKIN

ARE HUMAN BEINGS to be drawn together by an allegiance to shared principles or are they to be kept apart forever by race and blood? The parliamentary systems of the West have affirmed the unifying power of principles, and have upheld the doctrine of equality before the law. The Nazis insisted on the blood bond and passed the Nuremberg laws. The blood criterion is devastating, for it leaves the individual helpless. Neither good works nor superior ability carries any weight.

The Judaism of the Pharisees offered full and equal membership in the Synagogue of Israel to all those who were willing to accept its monotheism and its laws. And Jesus, according to Paul, had undergone crucifixion so as to redeem all men, Jews *and* Greeks, freemen *and* slaves. The Catholic Church won converts in many lands by recognizing as equal anyone who underwent baptism and conformed to its sacramental system—whatever his origin.

Yet it was this very Catholic Church in Spain—with papal sanction—that resorted to the doctrine of *limpieza,* purity of blood, to exclude Christians from holding ecclesiastical office if they had Jewish blood—even when this blood had coursed through the veins of loyal Christians for more than a century. So effective was the propagation and the application of the doctrine of *limpieza* that by the 17th century the most cherished possession of the Spanish Christian was blood without Jewish "taint."

How was the principle of *limpieza* able to triumph in such a major stronghold of the Catholic Church, so that the powerful Society of Jesus reluctantly succumbed to it, while the papacy legitimized it?

Albert A. Sicroff's lucid, dispassionate account of the emergence, elaboration, and triumph of this doctrine confronts the reader with the amazing process by which a principle that had no religious or moral justification, and that contradicted a basic tenet of Catholicism, came to be the cornerstone of the Church in Spain. Sicroff's account leads one to ask whether there are any durable principles, any words so sacred that their meaning is inviolate.

Sicroff's study reveals five stages in the historical evolution of the doctrine of *limpieza*: (1) its non-existence (1391–1449); (2) its emergence and decisive rejection by secular and ecclesiastical authorities (1449–1467); (3) its persistence and gradual acceptance by Church orders and cathedral chapters (1467–1547); (4) its triumph over all opposition and its unchallenged status (1547–1623); (5) its continuation despite efforts in 1623 to mitigate some of its harsher features. The fact that these phases can be so clearly differentiated points to a process which was the logical development not of Church doctrine but of historical forces that promoted ideas previously considered alien. *Limpieza* was uniquely the creation of the Spanish Church, and developed only because the Church was faced with a unique situation.

In the wake of the pogroms of 1391, thousands of Jews were converted to Cathol-

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icism. Many of them were wealthy and had served the state as tax farmers and administrative officials. Their experience in fiscal administration, along with their intelligence and culture, had enabled them to become a privileged courtier class and to participate in the power struggles of the day. As Jews, however, they had been excluded from the Church and the realm of its prestige, wealth, and power. Also, though freely consorting with kings and princes, Jews had found it impossible to enter the nobility.

The situation was drastically altered when Jews of the courtier class became Christians. As converts and full-fledged Christians, they were entitled to all the rights and privileges of the Christian estate. Some immediately married into the nobility; others entered the Church; with all restrictions removed, they could and did wield Christian power legitimately in both Church and state.

Until 1449, the status of the *conversos,* or New Christians, went unchallenged. Neither Sicroff, nor any other scholar, has been able to discover evidence of any challenge of the fidelity of the *conversos,* as a class, until 1449, when the *Sentencia Estatuo* was promulgated in Toledo.

The *Sentencia* was the first document to denounce the fidelity of the New Christians and to deny them the right to hold public office. The situation that led to this was that a New Christian tax farmer had demanded in the King's name an exorbitant sum from the city of Toledo. The populace was aroused to call for the ouster of the New Christians from positions of authority. These were the auspices of a new Christian doctrine.

The reaction to the *Sentencia* was firm and unequivocal. It was illegal. State and Church were in complete agreement. The King denounced it; a papal bull of Nicholas V condemned it. One of the most erudite jurists of the Church, a New Christian, Don Alonso de Cartagena, crushed it with texts of Scriptures, Church fathers, and papacy. In his *Defensorium Unitatis Christianae* (1449) he upheld the doctrine of the Church's unity and the equality of all Christians.

However, violent pogroms against the New Christians became endemic *after* the vindication of their unassailable right to equality in Christ. Hardly a city in Spain escaped civil war as New Christians defended their Christian rights against Old Christians who defied King and Pope, and Don Alonso's brief. So persistent was the attack that in time even the most loyal defenders of the New Christians joined in the general suspicion of fidelity, but sought to shield the unmistakably loyal elements among the *conversos* from mob violence. The Inquisition was introduced in 1480 to distinguish the *loyal* New Christians from the Judaizers and backsliders.

The viability of the doctrine of *limpieza* was aided by the Inquisition, though the Inquisition did not resort to this principle. The Inquisition sought to eradicate infidelity; it did not link infidelity to blood. New Christians *might* fall back into Judaism; they might equally well prove to be exemplary Christians. However, the work of the Inquisition encouraged the doctrine of *limpieza,* because it "demonstrated" that thousands of New Christians had reverted to their old errors; hence *conversos* seemed more prone to infidelity than Old Christians. Since the Inquisition had "discovered" Judaizing New Christians even in the monasteries, the only way to prevent this scandal from recurring was to exclude New Christians from the various religious orders. The first order to introduce the requirement of purity of blood was that of the Hieronomites. Despite the bitter opposition of Ferdinand and Isabella, the rule was introduced and confirmed by Pope Alexander III in 1495, and subsequently adopted in the cathedral chapters of Seville (1515) and Cordova (1530). *Limpieza* was now launched as a respectable Christian doctrine.

The final victory was achieved by the indefatigable labors and the ruthless determination of Juan Martinez Siliceo, the Archbishop of Toledo, who succeeded not only in imposing *limpieza* on the entire cathedral chapter of Toledo but also in denying the authority of the Jesuits in Toledo because they had no statute of *limpieza.*

How did Siliceo and those who supported him justify this doctrine which seemed to shatter the unity of the body of Christ? Old and New Christians, they declared, are equal in Christ. New Christians may enjoy the blessing of the sacraments and can look forward to salvation. This is reward enough. They are not, however, fit to hold positions

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of authority within the Church because experience has demonstrated their unreliability and their rapaciousness. Even when the Church was in its infancy, the Jewish converts had been disrupters. They were true Pharisees: hankering after authority and publicly displaying an external piety.

The opposition to Siliceo was bitter. *Conversos* had occupied the highest of Church offices in Toledo. Many of them were born of noble stock; the most able, the most learned, and the most noble elements would be lost to the Church. But Siliceo remained obdurate, and finally, in 1555, gained papal approval of a statute of *limpieza* for the Archdiocese of Toledo.

The doctrine of purity of blood was now universally adopted throughout Spain, despite learned efforts to challenge its legitimacy. By the end of the 16th century, it had become so inseparable from the Church in Spain that the Society of Jesus adopted it —despite bitter opposition within the order and despite the fact that Ignatius Loyola's personal secretary, Polanco, and the Society's second General, Laínez, had been of *converso* stock. Secret inquiries were held to determine whether candidates for Church office, benefices, and membership in the various orders were of pure blood. Once a taint was discovered, on whatever evidence, not only was the candidate rejected, the status of his entire family was endangered.

Efforts in the 17th century to mitigate the harshness of the inquests and to give some protection against willful destroyers of a family's reputation came to naught, for those arguing for reform did not dare to challenge the statutes as such. *Limpieza* thus became the most cherished possession of a noble family in Spain.

THIS IN BRIEF—the full complexity of the work has barely been suggested—is Mr. Sicroff's contribution: a rigorous presentation of the content of controversies over the *limpieza* statutes. He has distilled the essential arguments of long and ponderous works. The very excellence of his study, however, arouses our curiosity. Why did the principle of *limpieza* prove to be more powerful than that of the equality of all Christians?

To answer this question, one would have to solve many complex problems involving the role of the Jews and New Christians in Spanish history. But a key to its unraveling may be suggested. The ideological pattern (anti-Semitism, anti-*converso*-ism, *limpieza*) was the intellectual or spiritual or rationalizing concomitant of a society undergoing such severe and continuous stress that radical realignments of power blocs were unavoidable. From the moment that the civil war between Pedro the Cruel and Henry of Trastamara in the 14th century set class against class and disrupted the relative equilibrium of the previous century, Spain's social structure was, with but few interludes, highly unstable. The process toward monarchical centralization never worked itself out—with the result that there were continuous efforts to effect new power alignments.

The transfiguration of the image, first of the Jew and then of the *converso,* proved to be the most effective means for liquidating wealthy and powerful elements in the society. For this new, negative image appealed to the peasants and artisans who were especially hard hit by the deleterious effects of the disintegrative processes, and who because of their political naivety, were in no position to discriminate between truth and falsehood. The pogroms against the Jews in 1391 were a clear signal to the ruling classes that either they must adopt the anti-Jewish ideology that was stirring the lower classes to violence, or find themselves linked to the Jews and their fate. The choice was soon made, and the Jews were subjected to harsh discriminatory legislation in 1412.

A similar situation developed with the *conversos* after 1449. The peasants and artisans responded to the allegation that the *conversos* were false Christians by staging pogroms against the New Christians and pillaging their quarters. This, likewise, was an unmistakable signal. The lower classes were accepting the negative image of the *conversos;* and unless this image were appropriated by the ruling groups, the disgruntled peasants and artisans would turn against *them.* The result was the Inquisition, which undertook the process of legally and morally liquidating *converso* power and expropriating *converso* wealth for the benefit of those already in power, rather than permitting this to be carried out by the unruly elements. The peasants and artisans

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were given the *autos-da-fé* to sustain them, while those who controlled the Inquisition emasculated the power and sequestered the wealth of a significant segment of the New Christian community.

The triumph of the doctrine of *limpieza* is to be viewed in much the same way. The spread of the doctrine offered undreamed-of opportunities of dislodging from their positions of power in the Church those New Christians against whom the Inquisition did *not* proceed, and whose Christian loyalty was *not* in question. Once again it was an idea that appealed to the lower classes and consequently it proved to be more effective than correct, official doctrine. Siliceo, who was himself of humble origin, argued that the greater Christian learning and the noble lineage of the *conversos* in the Church were not nearly as important in an ecclesiastical office as simple, trusting faith. The Apostolic Succession is through the unlearned Peter and not through the erudite Paul. Siliceo's introduction of the *limpieza* statute into the church of Toledo was a victory over the prerogatives that the nobility had previously enjoyed with respect to ecclesiastical office.

The interconnection, then, between the ideological process and the disintegrative social process becomes clear. As a consequence of the breakdown in society ushered in by the struggle between Pedro and Henry of Trastamara, the violence of politically unsophisticated peasants and artisans had become an important part of the maelstrom of contending classes. It was in fact angry peasants and artisans who attacked the Jews in 1391, pillaged the New Christians in 1467, crowded to witness the *autos-da-fé,* and in general relished the humiliation of the nobility through the statutes of *limpieza.* The violent eruptions of the lower classes had thus become a source of power; and those who were most ingenious in arousing and controlling this violence were in a position to wield it against their rivals. The demagogues were thus able to arrogate to themselves the privileges of the more nobly born, by inflaming the hungry peasants with their ideology. *Limpieza* won the day, not because it was correct doctrine but because it was demogogic ideology.

However, if the Catholic Church could not be trusted to defend the unity of the body of Jesus, then what sacred doctrine is immune from the corrosive effects of power? The Nazis passed the Nuremberg laws and ushered in a society grounded in the blood principle. Such laws were destructive, but they were anticipated. But what of societies erected on principles of equality before the law, individual freedom, merit, and not of blood? Can we put our simple trust in such principles and depend on them for protection when the violent power of the exploited and underprivileged can be manipulated by those who unhinge words from meaning? Sicroff's exemplary study of the triumph of *limpieza* in the Church of Spain compels us to ponder this question. And it should alert us to the realization that principles are as strong as the power to affirm them, and words are as meaningful as we mean them to be.

ARCHETYPAL CRITICISM

RADICAL INNOCENCE: STUDIES IN THE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVEL. By IHAB HASSAN. *Princeton University Press. 362 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by ROBERT ALTER

THE IMPULSE BEHIND Ihab Hassan's ambitious study of the younger American writers is admirable, but the book he has written about this generation of novelists is in many ways unsatisfying. Mr. Hassan is a critic who looks at literature in a moral perspective—or, to use the more fashionable phrase he himself prefers, he is concerned with the existential meaning of literature. As a result, his consideration of recent American novels reflects a commendable broadness of mind and a sympathetic willingness to follow sensitive young writers through the subterranean windings of their sundry spiritual quests. And the humane spirit of Mr. Hassan's critical orientation is happily mirrored in the freshness and verve of his style. He has a gift for bringing a novelist's distinctive qualities into bright focus through the liveliness of his own critical language. Thus Mr. Hassan describes the "nocturnal" phase of Truman Capote's work: "The liquid, dreamy density of sentences absorbed the shock of action and the thrust of sense." Or he deftly characterizes the language of *Augie March:*

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"At its true best, the style circles round the ragged edge of poetry, refracting a thousand gay and broken lights."

But beyond such moments of local illumination, Mr. Hassan's book rarely reveals any new critical insight into the novels it discusses. What is chiefly at fault, it seems to me, is the theoretical framework in which this study sets the contemporary American novel. The writer devotes more than a third of his book to establishing an "approach" to his subject, but the scheme so laboriously worked out is neither very original in itself nor very useful as a critical tool for dealing with the novels. Mr. Hassan begins with a twenty-five-page consideration of "The Modern Self in Recoil," that is, the emergence of the anti-hero in modern European fiction. Then he backs up to examine the distinctive nature of the hero in the American novel from its beginnings to Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe. Not quite through with his preparations, Mr. Hassan now presents a sociological view of postwar America in order to determine what *is* the spirit of the times. Having set himself such an impossibly large task, Mr. Hassan can scarcely be blamed for not saying anything vitally new about Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Kafka, Camus, Mark Twain, and Henry James, the impact of Hiroshima, and the rise of the organization man—each of which he feels impelled to grapple with in the space of a paragraph or two. The distinctions he makes are generally intelligent and carefully formulated, yet they seem to hang at loose ends in the sphere of familiar generalities and do not prove very helpful in tying up our understandings about modern literature.

The image of the hero in contemporary fiction which this book presents is, as the title indicates, an individual in a state of "radical innocence"—radical because its expressions are extreme, even violent, and because it goes to the root of the self; innocence because it is a condition in which the self clings stubbornly to some vision of an ideal existence. Since the individual encounters in the world around him an enormous pressure of resistance to his own dream of perfection, one of two paths is left open to him: to become a rebel or a victim. But there is certainly little novelty in the idea that the dominant figure in the serious novel today is a suffering hero or a saintly criminal. The very titles of some of the widely read works of criticism of the last five years —*The Outsider, The Vanishing Hero, The Picaresque Saint*—indicate what a familiar critical theme Mr. Hassan has taken for his central argument.

The condition of victimhood or rebellion which seems to be the inevitable lot of the hero of our times is usually the most obvious fact about the novel in which he appears; and precisely for this reason, the general concept of radical innocence is not particularly useful in the act of criticism. Because most of the novels Mr. Hassan discusses are clearly about rebels or victims, the critic's only function, once he has completed his admittedly expert retelling of the stories, is a matter of taxonomy: the protagonist of Novel A is genus, rebel, species, snarling; the protagonist of Novel B, genus, victim, species, Christ-like, and so forth. To be fair to Mr. Hassan, I must say that he carries out this procedure of classification with a great deal of sensitivity and precision; but having begun with the obvious, he rarely is able to get very far away from it.

THE DRAWBACKS, MOREOVER, inherent in the theoretical scheme of *Radical Innocence,* are compounded by the author's weakness for archetypal criticism. He approaches American literature with a set of overarching mythological concepts: Eden and Utopia, Faust and Christ, the mythic American Self and the aboriginal Self (whatever *they* are supposed to be). One trouble with archetypes in literary criticism is that their very universality limits their utility in dealing with the specific work of literature, and, like Freudian symbols, they have a way of popping up everywhere once you begin to look for them. In a certain sense, it may be correct to describe Holly Golightly, the heroine of *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* as a "whimsical child of old Faust"; but surely Mr. Hassan gives too much weight to Capote's slender work by presenting its protagonist at all in Faustian terms.

The literary form of the novel itself is even regarded as archetypal—a kind of Quest for the Grail, or an Orpheus-descent —"a spiritual journey, a process, an existential encounter." Quite naturally, novels which are not accounted for by this rather special definition are likely to be partly mis-

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read by Mr. Hassan. He writes, for example, of *The Wapshot Chronicle* that "it seeks to capture the reflections of eternity in the eyes of Harlequin." The imaginative persuasiveness of Mr. Hassan's prose almost leads us to overlook the element of exaggeration in his statement. John Cheever's charming *New Yorker*-weight novel does have something to do with meaning and value because, like all novels, it is about human beings; but it seems a little farfetched to imagine *The Wapshot Chronicle* as an existential quest in a comic key.

Mr. Hassan, concerned as he is with this figure of long-suffering existential man, not only reads him into novels where he may not be present, but also sees an archetype for existential man where none exists. His quasi-Jungian method clearly demands some mythic prototype for the figure of existential man, and since Adam, Christ, and Faust will not quite do, Mr. Hassan settles on Job. Now, existential man, as *Radical Innocence* itself uses the term, is a creature who is flung into an utterly meaningless world and who struggles bravely or desperately to create his own meaning. But there is not the slightest hint of a meaningless world in the Book of Job; on the contrary, Job is very certain of the meaning that should obtain in the world, and he protests (but does *not* rebel) because the just order he knows should exist has not extended itself to his own experience.

In view of Mr. Hassan's fondness for archetypes, it is not surprising that he should make frequent use of Northrop Frye's challenging but also highly challengeable *Anatomy of Criticism.* Working with the broad categories set up by Frye, Mr. Hassan asserts that "In our age, the form of fiction . . . conforms, more than anything else, to the spirit and shape of irony." We all have some notion of what the spirit of irony is, but the burden of proof is upon Mr. Hassan to show that irony has a shape—detectable in literary form—and to indicate exactly what that shape is. The contours of this shape of irony must possess amoeboid flexibility to take in such divergent works of literature as Malamud's *The Assistant,* Carson McCullers' *Reflections in a Golden Eye,* Bellow's *Seize the Day,* and the Book of Job. In page after page, Mr. Hassan refers to the ironic form of the novels he is considering, but he is exasperatingly elusive about offering a definition of irony, not to speak of ironic form, in the novel. Finally, in the epilogue to *Radical Innocence,* we discover a paragraph that deals with the general nature of irony. Irony, we are informed, "intercedes between poles of experience, unites the terrible and the ludicrous. . . ." This is perhaps helpful but not yet a definition. Then, after some interesting if cryptic reflections on the moral qualities of irony, Mr. Hassan at last defines his key term: "irony appears as the response of the human intelligence to absurdity, and, beyond absurdity, to death." The definition in itself is thoroughly debatable, and, as any reader of Sartre or Camus will recognize, it is precisely the standard definition of existentialism promulgated by the French atheistic school. What Mr. Hassan is saying, then, is that these existential novels are ironic, and have an ironic form, which means, ultimately, that they are existential and have an existential form—whatever that may be.

This sort of circularity of argument, however, merely reflects the central weakness of *Radical Innocence:* its failure to find adequate connections between its broad moral concerns and the specifically literary nature of the texts it seeks to illuminate. One feels at many points that Mr. Hassan, precisely because he is looking for a moral pattern, does not see deeply enough into the novels as novels. An obvious fault, for example, in *Augie March* is the curious let-down of imagination once Augie leaves the convincing reality of Bellow's Chicago for a Mexican never-never land hazy with reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence and hints of mythic quest. But for Mr. Hassan, the Mexican episode of *Augie* is "a meaningful and symbolic contrast" to the Chicago scenes; "within the compass of a single action . . . Bellow brings to life the ideas of love and death, illusion and reality, city and nature, social power and individual freedom." Mr. Hassan unfortunately insists on seeking out in fiction these looming categories of moral life: when they are not present, he is likely to overvalue the novel in finding them; when they are present, they usually have been made so explicit by the novelist himself—for these are serious novels, not great ones—that the critic has nothing new to tell us.

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PRAGMATIC IDEALISTS

BOYS IN WHITE; STUDENT CULTURE IN MEDICAL SCHOOL. By HOWARD S. BECKER, BLANCHE GEER, EVERETT C. HUGHES and ANSELM L. STRAUSS. *University of Chicago Press. 456 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

BOYS IN WHITE is an exceptionally interesting sociological study of the highest technical quality. The authors have undertaken to study medical education as medical students actually experience it, rather than in terms of its stated objectives or official curriculum—though their book includes a lucid and detailed descriptive summary of the medical course as background for discussing what happens to students in pursuing it. But as the authors put it in their introductory chapter:

> The administrators and the teachers of our chosen school and of other medical schools may not find full expression given their own hopes and plans for students. Instead, they may find what appears to them over-emphasis on the points where their work has not been fully successful, where—in spite of their best efforts—things have gone awry. We remind those teachers that throughout the book we are saying, "This is how things look and feel down under. This is how, whether anyone intends it or not, it is for the students."

In order to do this, the research staff became "participant observers" of every phase of training offered in the University of Kansas Medical School. They went everywhere with the students, even on rounds and into the operating theater. While their status as sociologists who were not going to become doctors was made very clear, the students seem to have accepted them as peers; they occasionally discussed plans for cheating with the research team and in one case insisted to a member: "Go ahead. Get up there and feel those [enlarged lymph] nodes. How are you going to know what happens to us unless you go through the same experiences?"

Since they are studying medical school from the viewpoint of sociology, the authors start with the hypothesis that the most significant actions and attitudes of students would be expressions of their collective situation rather than of their individual values and immediate feelings:

> In short, while students of industrial behavior and even the managers of industry have accepted the fact that levels of effort are determined by social interaction and are, in some measure, collective phenomena, both the social scientists and those who teach candidates for professions have tended to see the problem of effort and achievement in the professional school as a matter of individual quality and motivation. We have been reluctant to apply to professional education the insights, concepts and methods developed in the study of lowlier kinds of work. This is but another instance of the highbrow fallacy in the study of human behavior; what we discover among people of less prestige, we hesitate to apply to those of higher.
>
> Nevertheless, we did bring to our study of medical students the idea that their conduct, whatever it might be, would be a product of their interaction with each other when faced with day-to-day problems of medical school.

This is really the central point of the whole book and amply borne out by the authors' findings. Their hypothesis is empirically verified. Yet, it seems to me that they are not quite aseptic about it. Despite their continued insistence on the value of disciplined empiricism as the chief source of merit in research, this finding escapes from the empirical structure of the study and becomes an article of ideology as well as a finding. This, after all, the authors finally imply, is the way things are and have to be, and it is irrational to expect or demand that young men under pressure ignore the demands of their immediate situation and be guided by their preconceived values—if only because these values will not have been defined specifically enough to tell the students what to do with them in school. Even the occasional boy who remains convinced that medical insight is more important than passing examinations is almost certain to be defeated by the problem of finding out what medical insight is in practice, and how it may be developed in the course of dissecting an obscure cadaver or doing workups on clinic patients who have nothing left

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to lose but their hypochondria. He gives in and becomes an empiricist in the immediate situation because his earlier values turn out to be irrelevant to it.

As a useful and original device for organizing their findings on what is relevant, the authors use George Herbert Mead's concept of *group perspectives,* and examine how these change as the situation of the medical student group itself develops through the course of training. Most students begin the freshman year with an initial determination to "learn it all"; swiftly discover that they can't, and, with more or less reluctance, adopt the perspective of trying to learn "what the faculty wants us to know"; i.e., what will be asked on examinations. They can then afford to be intolerant:

> I talked to Shep Boas after psychiatry conference. He was very tense. He said, "I don't like this kind of thing at all. I don't like these conferences where people [students] ask questions. I can't think of anything to say. And besides I think it really wastes your time; even in class I don't like it when they [instructors] ask questions because we are here to learn and take it from them. . . . It is up to them to give it to us. It is not something to be argued about.

Earlier, the authors had commented:

> Thus, in changing . . . to the criterion of "what the faculty wants," a student does not give up his independence [sic]. If he gives up the demand that he be taught what he will later use and asks instead that he be examined on what is in the book, he acquires a powerful defensive weapon against the faculty that has the advantage of being close at hand.

Later, in the clinical years, the perspective shifts because the situation changes. But the clinical perspectives are as empirical as those of the freshman year; they are merely applied to a different problem situation. Here the emphasis shifts to the "medical responsibility" and "clinical experience" perspectives, though concern about "what the faculty wants" continues even more pervasively as a concern about making a good impression in the face-to-face contacts that now occur, replacing anxiety about grades as such. As the authors use the terms, the "medical responsibility" perspective refers to the student's constant concern that, as low man in the school hierarchy, he seldom gets a chance to do anything that will affect a patient's chances of recovery significantly. "Clinical experience" refers to the students' comparable conviction that the use made of students in the teaching hospital greatly limits their contact with any great variety of interesting pathology. These are the terms in which they judge patients; what they dislike most are "crocks" with nothing concrete the matter with them; you can't learn anything from them.

These perspectives are entirely short-run. Paradoxically, while many of the students resent the greater responsibility and opportunity for first-hand clinical experience available to interns and residents, they show no real confidence that they will receive similar opportunities when they become interns or residents themselves. They are concerned with their immediate educational experience, and what is missed now is gone forever. The authors accept—I think it would be fair to say they defend—the students' pragmatism as a healthy form of realism: they are *not* doctors yet, and it is appropriate rather than callous for them to judge patients largely as learning material. But callousness is not the real issue so much as the students' practice of ignoring, from their student perspectives, the equally empirical long-range human consequences of whole situations. They are practical-minded:

> Frequently students simply speak approvingly or otherwise of a department, teacher, or particular teaching activity on the ground that these did or did not provide "information" or "pearls." These are both shorthand terms for the kind of material the lecturer in the preceding example (referred to as "really very practical") was praised for providing—"information" is the generic term, "pearls" are particularly valuable single pieces of information.

As might be expected, the students tend to find psychiatry so traumatic that it is probably fortunate that they only encounter it in the presence of a psychiatrist. An observer reports of a student:

> The psychiatrist does not respond to the overt meaning of what the student says. Instead, he responds to what he thinks is the underlying meaning. . . . The stu-

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> dent, on the other hand, wants to get through the hour as painlessly, with as little embarrassment, as possible. To do this he wants to do anything within reason that he knows how to do that will satisfy the psychiatrist. But he tends to think in concrete and immediate terms, the way he thinks about physcial disease, and this simply does not mesh with the way the psychiatrist does business. For example, the student wants to put things into classifications and so he . . . wants to classify his patients as paranoid or schizophrenic or whatnot. The psychiatrist keeps telling him to get away from these and use his understanding on the individual case. The student might be willing . . . if he knew how, but he doesn't.

Nowhere in their training do the students show signs that they are beginning to realize that whole individuals become ill, in the course of complex lives. They seem unable to respond to this kind of wholeness, even when the subject is themselves. The authors believe that the choices of medical specialty made by students—with the exception of those who set out from the beginning to be psychiatrists or surgeons—are "essentially playful"—"an experimental trying-on of roles about which they know very little"; and no statistically significant differences between the numbers of would-be specialists and general practitioners develop through the four years of medical school. Whatever else medical school teaches these students, it does not teach them to approach life situations as complex problems that are interrelated; though nothing could be more essentially empirical than this.

I do not believe I have distorted the authors' conclusions, though I have certainly selected for discussion those that seem to me most important to the non-medical reader. But the tone of this review would give a very distorted picture of the tone of the book, which combines investigative rigor and tolerant optimism. In their final chapters the authors stress their conclusion that the students never lose their idealism; they merely adapt realistically to the situations they must face if they are to get an M.D. so that they will have a chance to use it as physicians.

> Students retain an idealistic view of medicine even though they re-orient it in the direction of greater realism and adaptation to the immediate situation and to the medical practice they envision for themselves. The perspectives they develop while they are in school and those with which they leave school for internship and medical practice may be characterized as being pragmatically idealistic but not in the vague and nonspecific way that characterized them as freshmen. Rather, they have come face to face with the realities of medical school and have gained, in addition, a much clearer picture of the realities of medical practice. . . . They transform their naive idealism into a set of perspectives designed to deal with the specific problems they encounter and expect to encounter.

Just so. Francis Powers could do no more. The authors quote many excerpts from students who are finishing up in medical school that express a commendable degree of dedication to the welfare of the community and of the individual patient. But, as before, these seem to be the views the students express *between* decisions, not in the process of making them.

STAUGHTON LYND, who teaches history at Spelman College in Atlanta, is a regular contributor of articles and critical reviews.

W. D. DAVIES, a new contributor, is Edward Robinson Professor of Biblical Theology at Union Theological Seminary in New York.

DENNIS H. WRONG, who is well-known to our readers, discussed "The American Left & Cuba" in our February issue.

ELLIS RIVKIN, another new contributor, is professor of Jewish History at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati.

ROBERT ALTER's article, "Books for Jewish Children" appeared in February. He is presently teaching at both Harvard and Brandeis.

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG, associate professor of education at Brooklyn College, reported in August 1961 on "Why Students Leave Science."

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